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CHAS. G. REED,
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Stephen Salisbury



The Log

of '88

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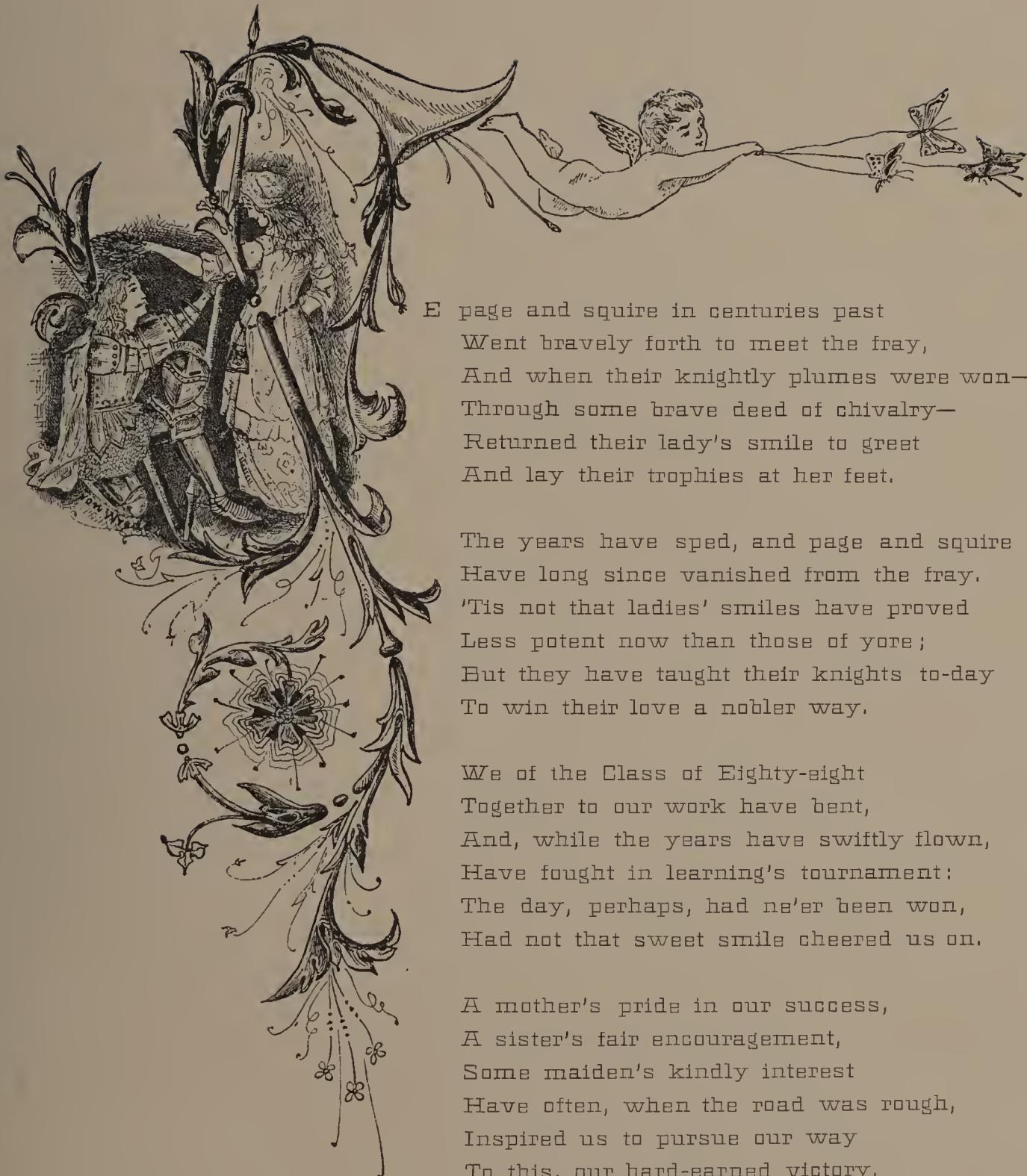
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E page and squire in centuries past
Went bravely forth to meet the fray,
And when their knightly plumes were won—
Through some brave deed of chivalry—
Returned their lady's smile to greet
And lay their trophies at her feet.

The years have sped, and page and squire
Have long since vanished from the fray.
'Tis not that ladies' smiles have proved
Less potent now than those of yore;
But they have taught their knights to-day
To win their love a nobler way.

We of the Class of Eighty-eight
Together to our work have bent,
And, while the years have swiftly flown,
Have fought in learning's tournament:
The day, perhaps, had ne'er been won,
Had not that sweet smile cheered us on.

A mother's pride in our success,
A sister's fair encouragement,
Some maiden's kindly interest
Have often, when the road was rough,
Inspired us to pursue our way
To this, our hard-earned victory.

We can not, as the knights of old
Lay plumes and trophies at your feet;
The record only we submit—
Our "Log" for your inspection bring;
Our work to you we dedicate
And for your kind approval wait.

Edition de Luxe, No. 67

[*Five hundred and one copies of this book will be printed,
after which all plates will be destroyed.*]

INTRODUCTORY.

THE editors' sanctum is at last a scene of tranquillity. The scissors and mucilage are laid aside and the bull pup has been honorably discharged. The editors see before them a completed volume of "The Log of '88." What was a few months ago a vision of the imagination has developed into a reality, visible and tangible.

The Cumæan Sibyl inscribed on leaves gathered from the trees a history of things to come. The "Log," less ambitious, contents itself with the record of things that are past. Its motto is: "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The sibylline leaves needed the greatest watchfulness. A gentle wind might blow them away, and this done, the Sibyl gave no aid to restoring them. Through three and one-half years of college life, seasoned with trials and disappointments, the history now inscribed upon these "Log" leaves has been accumulating, and through fostering care it has withstood the breezes that have entered through the half-open door. But now that the door is thrown wide open and fastened back, and stronger winds seek entrance, it remains to be seen whether the "Log" leaves shall be irreparably lost or whether they are to remain a permanent and impartial record of past events. The Sibyl claimed no responsibility for the records she inscribed; we claim none for the record of the "Log." We have accepted what the oracle has given, and have asked no questions.

For the discouragements along the way, consult these pages. They are a beacon to light the miles that have been traveled and to mark the points of danger to be avoided. Experience has taught

us that there are quicksands in Tech life—pitfalls for the unwary. Some of these the "Log" is intended to indicate. Our instructors have aimed to make men of us and they have succeeded. We can now stand alone, and we thank them that we can. Nevertheless, we criticise the process at some points, and beg them to take the criticism kindly. Their methods have occasionally suggested those of the Indian pundit who keeps his esoteric wisdom to himself and feeds his acolyte on fables. But, beware! ye who come after us. Milk is proper food for babes, and strong meat fit only for post-graduates.

The magical garment, woven in fairy-land for the dames of King Arthur's court, proved an inscrutable mystery to the women who tried it on. None of them could make it fit. They did not want it, therefore, and declared that the devil was in it. In reality it was woven from the threads of truth, and the truth nobody wanted. Is this to be the fate of "The Log of '88?" While the devil *may* be in it, it nevertheless contains the truth. Let us hope that his evil magic will not cast doubt upon our motive or cause it to be misconstrued. We feel confident that the few personalities in its pages will not injure any one. If they do offend, let him who is injured consider the saying of Diogenes: "No man is hurt but by himself."

Our work has been accomplished under difficulties, but fortunately we have found none too formidable to overcome. During trying moments, when seemingly every resource at command had been exhausted, we have sought communion with the Faculty, and having found them a never-failing source of inspiration, would herewith express our great indebtedness. In a very different way, other friends have done us invaluable service, and it is most fitting that we should here convey to them our sincere appreciation. To Mr. von Wrede especially, who with his pencil has so willingly supplemented the work of the Board of Editors, we are largely indebted for the successful completion of "The Log of '88." Its pages of wit, pathos, melancholy and humor are now open for your kind inspection.

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STILL comes at 7 A. M.,
 With festive step,
 The genial Prep,
 His toolologic spasms to renew.
 He bites himself with hand-clamps,
 Gets his shirt
 Encased in dirt,
 And irrigates his trouseralls with glue.



LTHOUGH still tender in years, the Prep Class is kindly given this opportunity to bow its respects to its many friends. How we succeeded in getting here is a standing wonder to us, as we have been utterly unable to read the examination papers since we passed them, and the only way we can account for our entrance is, that we must have done well on the rather startling Geography question, "Where do you attend church?"

We are still quite new to the business, but we cordially invite you to come up and watch us mutilate the buzz-saw with our finger-nibs, bang the life out of our ten-pound hammers with our thumb nails, and do many other bright things that only Preps can do.

You must not expect great things of us, on account of our extreme freshness, and, in fact, we have done nothing worth mentioning beyond beating the Juniors at baseball, which we don't count. By the time our life is in "the sere and yellow leaf," however, (this will be in our Senior year and refers mainly to the tobacco-leaf), we expect to stamp around and defy the earth.

Before we forget it, we want to thank Dr. Fuller for opening his front door to us when we were so new to the metropolis that we couldn't find the way home, and for introducing us to the Professors and their daughters. We had a delightful time hearing the Professors sing "Drink her down," but as the daughters have persistently cut us ever since, we hope the Doctor will introduce us again at an early date. Friday is our best night.

The attention we receive from all sides is very flattering, and is particularly marked in the Professors—especially when we cut. Not only the teachers, but the class-men, are very partial to us, and we are beginning to appreciate their attention for its full value. Daily our hearts go out to the Middlers, through whose thoughtfulness, those of us who bring our dinners are allowed to eat them by proxy. As these disciples of "free grub" regularly extract from our baskets everything that we particularly like ourselves, we thank them from the bottom of our empty stomachs for relieving us of any chance of dyspepsia. When $x + y$ represents our dinner and $y =$ pie, it requires only an ordinary Middler (and the average Middler is mighty ordinary) to discover that $x - y$ leaves a rusty doughnut or a small piece of cheese. We hope sometime to do justice to all who have thus favored us, but we fear to encroach on space that is given us through courtesy.

As we said before, we would be glad to see you at any time. You won't have to ask for us, because, like a Normal School girl, you will know us the minute you see us. Our *tout ensemble* is very imposing. Some of us are of that peculiar ruddy tint which, were we girls, would require the immediate presence of an alabaster steed; and one of us wears real whiskers. With this vivid description you cannot fail to recognize us, and we bid you "good-bye," hoping you will see us before we acquire that rusty appearance that is sure to come with our Junior year.



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NINETY.

"Young, aggressive, rapidly growing, always interesting."

" —Tout enfant encor, des Seniors recueillis
L'écoutaient, racontant d'une bouche ravie
Les jours si peu nombreux et déjà si remplis."



HE Class of Ninety, W. P. I., is a bashful little thing. It shrinks from publicity. When its eyes fall on the two poetic sentiments delineated above, it blushes. From the time when it was asked to tell all it knew on a few subjects connected with the entrance examinations, it has ever been averse to proclaiming its own virtues. With characteristic modesty, therefore, its representative enters upon this duty of emblazonry. This opening paragraph is not funny—it is solid fact.

Let us now penetrate further into this mystery and see wherein lies the remarkable genius at which the poet darkly hints. Strange and incomprehensible as it may seem, it lies in each individual member of the class. And it does not lie passively there. It lies with all the fervency and ardor expressed in the fiction inseparably linked with G. Washington and cherry-trees. Repress a smile here, gentle reader, and note the following

A mystery explained.

analysis of this genius. In the paragraphic style affected by the writer of the Wanamaker advertisements, the Junior Class embraces

Football players,
Baseball tossers,
Amateur photographers,
Mashers,
Chauvenet solvers,
Farmers,
Crankers.

The football men are invincible, the mashers are irresistible, the Chauvenet solvers are too shy and retiring for anything, and the ~~A few plain~~ farmers have an air of rusticity about them which is ~~truths.~~ simply unsurpassable. The cranks are small in number, but very select.

The class is also subdivided into Chemists, Civil Engineers and Mechanical Engineers. Each variety can be easily detected. The ~~A pointer for~~ Chemists have stains on their fingers, the Civils have ~~detectives.~~ mud on their shoes, and the Mechanical Engineers have small sections of the grindstone concealed in their clothes.

We will now leave off analyzing and write a little history. It was in the spring of '87 that the class began its history-making ~~A bit of ancient~~ career. At that time it composed itself into a ball-nine, ~~history.~~ and in this convenient form made more history than all the other organizations of the school combined. Nobody doubted the strength of this nine. It was as strong as Limburger cheese. It stood alone for some time, the other class nines being unwilling to try issues with it. Finally it claimed the championship of the school, and soon after defeated the Highland Military aggregation of paid professionals, in two successive contests. Flushed with these victories, the manager of the team quickly arranged for a game with our friends of the Worcester Academy. Here the historian sheds bitter tears. Confident of success and wishing to try some new material which promised well, the captain laid aside his true and tried men and experimented with the Paxton battery and the West Brookfield infield. It was a rash experiment and the score was 18 to 1.

But the muse of history is fairly wreathed in smiles as she turns to the football record. Here she finds the words "High A pæan of School," and beneath them a score which starts from victory. zero and increases variably to infinity or thereabouts. She also finds the word "Academy" without any score attached. But a dicky-bird tells her that the ground was hard and cold on that day and that Principal Abercrombie was afraid of his boys' anatomies.

Now let us change the scenery and talk about scholarship and kindred subjects. We dislike to do this, especially as the dicky-bird mentioned above suggests "Ravvy, don't talk A treatise on shop," but this is our first offence and, besides, our scholarship. name is not "Ravvy." There are many prodigies of learning in the class. They will certainly make themselves prominent in after life. Some of these prodigies lisped in chemical symbols and were daily accustomed to absent themselves from the fostering care of their nurse-girls for the purpose of viewing, not the circus or the vulgar hand-organ, but the latest scientific application of electricity, or a public exhibition of the Mashem Automatic Coupler. At a very tender age one of the Chemists is said to have evolved the following composition, which must close this short treatise on scholarship :

"Once there was a family named Pickle, consisting of Mr. Pickle, Mrs. Pickle, the two little Pickles and Miss-Pickle. One morning at the supper table, when they were all eating pickles, except Mr. Pickle, who was Fairy tale by a Ninety chemist. looking in the jar for pieces of copper, symbol Cu, a cab rapidly drew up to the palatial mansion of the Pickles', the front door was rapidly burst open and Mr. Barrel Process, who was a passionate suitor for Miss-Pickle's hand, rapidly exclaimed: 'Fly with me, dearest, to the land where everything is cucumbers and boracic acid!' But Miss-Pickle haughtily elevated her Fifth-Avenue nose and remarked: 'Depart, villain! I will never throw my sulphur way on you.' Then there was a dull thud and, soon after, Mr. Pickle telephoned for the undertaker."

If ye have tears, and have not already shed them, prepare to shed them now. This article would be incomplete without mention Affecting obitu- ary notice. of those members of the class who have passed beyond, where everything is free from weeping and wailing and there is no gnashing of teeth. Some of these left us just

one year ago, when all nature was brightly smiling and the flowers were in bloom; and some departed for the better life on a dreary day last February when the wind was howling through the chestnut trees in front of the shop and everything was generally lugubrious. It was indeed sad to see all these bright and promising young lives cut down in the very spring-time of their youth. But ah! it pains still more to be obliged to record the voluntary withdrawal, at No copyright on this. the end of our Prep year, of one whom we had learned to love, oh, so well. Spring flower that he was, he blossomed but for a season. It was the McAuliffe-flower.

But let us shake off this death-like stupor which is slowly settling down upon us, and bring this article to a fitting close.
“Let ‘er go! Here’s to ‘go! May her shadow never be less!
Gallagher.” (This has a deep significance.) May success forever attend her! Now throw the throttle wide open and just watch her flicker!!



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EIGHTY-NINE.



N January, 1886, arrived the innocents who have since distinguished themselves as the Class of Eighty-Nine. We were immediately informed by our instructors that we were the smartest class that had ever entered the Institute. Many of our number believed and still believe, this time-honored and moss-backed "chestnut;" but it is beginning to dawn upon some of us that possibly there have been other people as smart as we are. We know that this is not the prevailing belief at Boynton Hall, nor in the adjacent street of that name, but those of us who are not Worcesterites are aware that there are other cities as large and intellectual as the "Heart of the Commonwealth."

During our Junior year we were pretty quiet. We boasted somewhat of our ability to play baseball, and tried to back up the boast. We played poker, too, under the able instruction of our only married member. But for the most part we worked, and listened to the bragging of the Middle Class. In the Fall we returned and listened to still more blowing, especially on the subject of Tug-of-war. They said that the rope was too hard for our hands, and that it was not a graceful act like the pole-vault. The majority agreed, and made no move; but a few sturdy youths organized, and at the Fall Field Meeting nearly pulled the Senior team from the cleats; yea, we pulled the redoubtable Camp, and he never says "Tug-of-war" now.

We jogged along through "Analyt" and "Descriptive," but nothing of note happened till our Half-Way Supper. It has been the prevailing belief among our Trustees that the fact that our Principal was an active Temperance agitator would tend to make the students shun the intoxicating bowl; that his shining example could but have a salutary effect upon the Institute; that his influence over us while here would make us strong in temptation and keep our lives pure and innocent. As we cannot doubt the wisdom of the Trustees, we feel sure that this effect must have been produced; but when it transpired that the class of Eighty-Nine, mustering thirty-six members present, drank four gallons of rum-punch and thirteen gallons of hard cider at their Half-Way Supper, we must come to the mortifying conclusion that somebody or something is wrong. Either the Trustees, the Principal, or the students must have been to blame. It could not have been the liquor, for that was first-class and entirely above reproach.

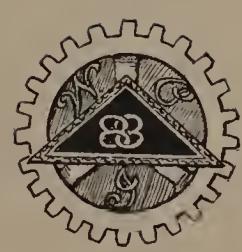
In examining my notes, kept since entering the school, especially for this history, I can find no record of any action or scheme originating in our class till this year. We can claim credit for getting the Institute admitted to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association. We started the movement (or, at least, a former member of our class did) and pushed it through to a successful termination, and, as an indication of our determination to do our share, we point with pride to twenty-four men in the gymnasium. True, half these men go simply to show their fine (?) forms to the High School girls in the gallery; but they are there, and that is something.

Our prospects for the Senior year are bright and shining. We are already hunting up ancient compositions, and some of our more "previous" members have "What I Did in my Vacation" already written. The usual number have their Thesis drawings completed, and are now starting full beards and saving pocket-money for the purchase of "plug" hats. We have the prospect of building a remodeled "Washburn Lathe" "from our own drawings" (carefully copied from blue-prints).

The following problem has been suggested by our experience in the shop, but as we have had no instruction yet in mechanics, we

have been unable to solve it. Mathematicians, to whom it has been shown, claim to have solved it, but await the result of an investigation by the Trustees before publishing solutions: "If it takes Eighty-Seven and Eighty-Eight, with the aid of two skilled machinists, two years to build a turret-lathe, how much does the Norton Emery Wheel Company make in one year? The time it will require to build and equip the Atlanta Technical School may be computed from the same data."

We shall, no doubt, all find lucrative employment immediately upon our graduation, and in the year One thousand eight hundred and ninety have our names entered in the Catalogue as "with A. B. C. & Co."





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Edwin Herrick Ames, Mechanical Engineering.
Left Class during Junior Year. Killed in a railroad accident at Grafton, Mass., Aug. 13, 1887.

Charles Franklin Bailey, Mechanical Engineering.
Entered Class at beginning of Junior Year. President Y. M. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, first half Senior Year.

William Mathews Bates.
Left Class at first semi-annual examinations.

Parker Newman Black.
Left Class at first semi-annual examinations.

Porter Campbell Buttorff, Mechanical Engineering.
Left Class at end of Prep Year.

George Erastus Camp, Mechanical Engineering.
Director of Athletic Association, last half Middle Year; Chairman Board of Directors, first half Senior Year; Centre Rush on Class Football Team and on Tech Eleven; Anchor on Class Tug-of-War Team; member of "Committee on Organic Chemistry;" Second Prize in Tug-of-War, Fall, '85; Second Prize in Putting Shot, Spring, '86; First in Putting Shot and Second in Tug-of-War, Fall, '86; First in Throwing Hammer, First in Putting Shot and First in Tug-of War, Spring, '87; First in Throwing Hammer, First in Putting Shot, Fall, '87; Second Honor, first half Junior Year, and Sixth Honor, second half of same; Second Honor, first half Middle Year.

Clarence Wells Chadwick, Mechanical Engineering.
Director of A. A., Prep Year; Director and Treasurer of same, Junior year; President of Class, second half Junior Year; President of A. A., first half Senior Year; Chairman of "Chauvenet Committee," member of "Committee on Organic Chemistry," Chairman of "Committee on Class Photographs;" Chairman of "Executive Committee of Thompson Club," last half Senior Year; Vice-President Bicycle Club, last half Junior Year; Secretary and Treasurer of Tennis Club, first half Junior Year, and President of same, first half Senior Year; First Secretary of Thompson Club; Usher, Commencement, '86, and Marshal, Commencement, '87; Left Guard on Class Football Team; member of Class Baseball Nine, and Captain of same, Middle Year; Second Prize, Doubles, and Third, Singles, in Tennis Tournament, Fall, '86; First, Doubles and Second, Singles, Fall, '87; Second Prize in Tug-of-War, Fall, '85; First in Hurdle Race, First in Standing Broad Jump, and Second in Hop-Step-and-Jump, Fall, '86; First in Hurdle Race, First in Standing High Jump (Tech Record), First in Running High Jump (Tech Record), First in Standing Broad Jump and Second in Hop-Step-and-Jump, Spring, '87; First in Hurdle Race (Tech Record), First in Standing High Jump, First in Running High Jump (Tech Record), First in Standing Broad Jump (Tech Record), and Second in Hop-Step-and-Jump, Fall, '87; Third Honor, first half Junior Year, and Sixth Honor, second half Middle Year; Chairman of "Class Day Com.;" member of Commencement Executive Com.; President of Board of Editors of "The Log."

Nathaniel Joseph Chandley, Left Class at first semi-annual examinations.	Mechanical Engineering.
Jonathan Brace Chittenden, Class Poet and Class Tree Orator; President of Class, Prep Year; Director of A. A., first half Senior Year, and Chairman Board of Directors, second half Senior Year; member of "Chauvenet Committee," of "Class-Book" Committee, of "Class Pin" Committee, and Chairman of "Class Supper Committee;" Vice-President of A. A., first half Middle Year; First Editor-in-Chief of the "W P I;" Second President of Thompson Club, Secretary of Tennis Club, first half Middle Year, and Vice-President, second half Middle Year; member of Executive Committee of Thompson Club, last half Senior Year; Usher, Spring Field Day, '85, and Fall, '86; Usher, Commencement, '86; Second Prize, Doubles, in Tennis Tournament, Fall, '85 and Fall, '86, and First in Doubles, Fall, '87; Second Prize in Mile Run, Fall, '87; member of Tech Choir and of Board of Editors of "The Log."	Mechanical and Civil Engineering.
Fred Eliphilet Colburn, Left Class at first semi-annual examinations.	Mechanical Engineering.
Edward Wesley Cushman. Left Class at first semi-annual examinations.	
Allerton Seward Cushman, Entered Class at beginning of Junior Year; Vice-President of Class, last half Senior Year; Manager of Tech Baseball Nine, Season of '87; member of Class Baseball Team; Captain of and Half Back on Class Eleven, Season of '86, and Half Back on Tech Eleven, Season of '87; member of Tennis Club and member of Executive Committee of same, Fall, '86; Judge, Spring Field Day, '87; Championship, Singles, and Winner of "Landsing Prize Cup," in Tennis Tournament, Fall, '87; First Prize, Standing High Jump (Tech Record), First, Running High Jump, and Second, Hurdle Race, Spring, '86; First, Standing High Jump, and First, Running High Jump, Fall, '86; member Commencement Engraving and Printing Committee; member of Board of Editors of "The Log."	Chemistry.
John Joseph Daesen, Entered Class at beginning of Junior Year, joined the Class of Eighty-Nine a year later.	Mechanical Engineering.
Frederick James Doon, First Prize in Half-Mile Run and First in 440-Yards Dash, Spring, '86; First in Half-Mile Run (Tech Record), and First in 440-Yards Dash (Tech Record), Fall, '86; Second in Half-Mile Run, Spring, '87.	Mechanical Engineering.
William Joseph Duncan, Member of "Organic Chemistry Committee;" member of Y. M. C. A.; member of Tennis Club; Usher, Spring Field Day, '88.	Civil Engineering.
Rufus Eugene Eldridge, Entered Class at beginning of Middle Year; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, second half Middle Year; member of "Class-Book Committee;" Usher, Fall Field Day, '86 and Fall Field Day, '87 member of Board of Editors of "The Log."	Mechanical Engineering.
F. L. Wilson Fairman, Left Class at end of Prep Year.	Mechanical Engineering.
Charles Ferry, Secretary and Treasurer of Class, second half Junior Year; member of "Class Supper Committee," member of Class Baseball Team; Judge, Fall Field Day, '85; Second Prize in Tug-of-War, Fall '85.	Chemistry.
Alfredo Alexandre Franklin, Left School during Junior Year.	Mechanical Engineering.
George Hubert Frary, Entered Class at beginning of Junior Year; Vice-President of Class, first half Senior Year; Class Treasurer, second half Senior Year; Vice-President of A. A., first half Middle Year; member of "Committee on Organic Chemistry;" member of "Committee on Class Photographs;" First President of Thompson Club and Chairman of Executive Committee of same, first half Senior Year; Timer, Spring Field Day, '87; member of Class Baseball Team and Football Eleven; member of "Class Supper Committee;" member of Tech Choir; member of Class Tug-of-War-Team.	Mechanical Engineering.

George Wheeler Frisbie.

Died September 20, 1885.

James Henry Garvey,

Left Class during Prep Year.

Mechanical Engineering.

Ernest Webber Gilman,

Usher, Spring Field Day, '86.

Mechanical Engineering.

Alfredo Gomes,

Civil Engineering.

Entered Class at beginning of Junior Year, joined Class of Eighty-Nine a year later.

John Milton Goodell,

Civil Engineering.

President of Class, first half Middle Year; member of second Board of Editors of the "W P I;" member of Class Football Eleven; Usher, Commencement, '86; Usher, Spring Field Day, '86; member of Orchestra; Fourth Honor, first half Junior Year; Second Honor, second half Junior Year; First Honor during Middle Year and first half Senior Year; member of "Class Supper Committee;" member of Board of Editors of "The Log."

Charles Lewis Griffin,

Mechanical Engineering.

Valedictorian; Vice-President first half Junior Year and last half Middle Year; President of Class, first half Senior Year; Editor-in-Chief of the "W P I," Senior Year; member of Executive Committee of Thompson Club, first half Middle Year and last half Senior Year; Usher, Commencement, '87; member of Class Baseball Team; Organist; Judge, Spring Field Day, '85 and '87; First Prize in Throwing Baseball, Second in Standing Broad Jump, Fall Field Day, '86; same prizes, Spring Field Day, '87; First in Throwing Baseball, Second in Standing Broad Jump and First in High Kick, Fall Field Day, '87; First Honor, Prep Year and first half Junior Year; Third Honor, second half Junior Year; Fifth Honor, first half Middle Year; Second Honor, second half Middle Year and first half Senior Year; Secretary of Board of Editors of "The Log."

John Monell Hitchcock,

Mechanical Engineering.

Left School at middle of Junior Year.

Walter Scott Hobbs.

Left Class at first semi-annual examinations.

Fred Dean Holdsworth,

Mechanical Engineering.

Member of Y. M. C. A.; Fifth Honor, Prep Year.

Harry Lincoln Houghton,

Chemistry.

Member of Y. M. C. A.; Usher, Commencement, '86; left Class at end of Junior Year; now in Eighty-Nine.

Fred Stanley Hunting,

Mechanical Engineering.

Member of Class Baseball Team and Football Eleven; First Treasurer of Thompson Club; member of Y. M. C. A.; member of Tech Choir; Second Prize in Running Broad Jump, Fall Field Day, '87; Fifth Honor, first half Junior Year; Fourth Honor, last half Junior Year and during Middle Year and first half Senior Year; member of Class Day Committee.

Herbert Ernest Jacques,

Mechanical Engineering.

Left Class at end of Prep Year.

Joseph Herschel Jenkins,

Mechanical Engineering.

Class Prophet; member of Executive Committee of Tennis Club, Season of '87; President of same, last half Senior Year; member of Thompson Club; Second Honor, Prep Year.

William Bradford Jewett,

Mechanical Engineering.

Vice-President of Class, first half Middle Year; member of "Committee on Organic Chemistry" and of "Committee on Class Photographs;" member of Thompson Club; member of Class Baseball Team and Captain of same, Senior Year; End Rush on Class Football Team and on Tech Eleven; member of Y. M. C. A.; First Prize in Running Broad Jump and Second in Hop-Step-and-Jump, Fall, '85; First in Running Broad Jump (Tech Record), and First in Hop-Step-and-Jump (Tech Record), Spring, '86 same (Tech Record), Fall, '86; same (Tech Record), Spring, '87; First Prize in Running Broad Jump (Tech Record), and First in Hop-Step-and-Jump, Fall, '87.

George Hadwen Kimball,	Mechanical Engineering.
Director of A. A., first half Junior Year; member of Tug-of-War Team, Prep Year, and first half Junior Year; member of Class Baseball Team; member of Tennis Club; Captain and Half Back of Tech Football Eleven, Season of '86; Second Prize in Tug-of-War, Fall, '85; Third Prize, Singles, in Tennis Tournament, Fall, '85. Left Class at beginning of Junior Year—now at Willianis College.	
Ralph Lincoln Lovell,	Mechanical Engineering.
Secretary of Board of Directors of A. A., last half Senior Year; member of Class Baseball Team, and Football Eleven; member of Thompson Club; Second Prize in Running Broad Jump, Fall, '86; Second in Running High Jump, Fall, '87; Fifth Honor, second half Junior Year and first half Senior Year.	
Walter Reuben Marden,	Civil Engineering.
Member of Thompson Club, and of Y. M. C. A.	
Albert Tisdale Marshall,	Mechanical Engineering.
Member of Bicycle Club; member of Class Baseball Team; Usher, Commencement, '86; Timer, Fall Field Day, '86; Second Prize in Pole Vault, Spring, '86, and Fall, '86; first in Pole Vault (Tech Record), Spring, '87. Left Class during Middle Year—now in Eighty-Nine.	
Parmalee John McFadden,	Mechanical Engineering.
Vice-President of Class, Prep Year; President, last half Middle Year; Chairman of Prep Photograph Committee; Exchange Editor of the "WPI," Middle Year; member of Half-Way Through Supper Committee; member of "Committee on Revision of A. A. Constitution;" member of Tennis Club, and Secretary and Treasurer of same, Season of '86; Chairman of Executive Committee of Tennis Club, Season of '86; member of "Class Pin Committee" and Chairman of "Class Book Committee; member of Class Football Eleven and Class Baseball Team; member of Tech Eleven, Season of '87; Usher, Fall Field Day, '85; member of Thompson Club; member of Tech Orchestra; Leader of Tech Choir, Senior Year; Sixth Honor, Prep Year; member Executive Committee on Commencement Exercises; Chairman Commencement "Engraving and Printing Committee;" Business Editor of "The Log."	
Wilton Harlow Merriam,	Chemistry.
Usher, Fall Field Day, '86; member of Y. M. C. A.; joined Eighty-Nine at the end of Junior Year.	
Harry Sanderson Mulliken,	Chemistry.
Member of Tech Orchestra; member of "Class Book Committee;" member of Tennis Club; Usher, Commencement, '86.	
George Francis Myers,	Mechanical Engineering
Member of Thompson Club; Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A.; Usher, Fall Field Day, '85; Championship in Singles and Winner of "Landsing Prize Cup," Seasons of '85 and '87; Championship in Doubles, Seasons of '85 and '86; Second in Doubles, Season of '87; Usher, Commencement, '86.	
John Nelson,	Mechanical Engineering.
Second Prize, Singles, in Tennis Tournament, Seasons of '85 and '86; Championship, Doubles, Seasons of '85 and '86; Second, Doubles, Season of '87; Half-back on Tech Eleven, Season of '86; joined Eighty-Nine during Middle Year.	
Myron Lincoln Newton,	Mechanical Engineering.
Left Class during Junior Year.	
George Warren Patterson,	Chemistry.
Member of Class Baseball and Football Teams, and Half Back on Tech Eleven, '87; First Prize in Putting Shot, Spring Field Day, '86; First in Tug-of-War, Fall, '86; First in Tug-of-War, Second in Throwing Hammer, and Second in Putting Shot, Spring, '87; Sixth Honor, first half Junior Year and first half Senior Year.	
Theodore Dorr Paul,	Mechanical Engineering.
Member of Class Baseball Team; member of Thompson Club; Second Prize in Throwing, Baseball, Spring Field Day, '87.	
Gilbert Percy,	Mechanical Engineering.
Left Class at end of Junior Year.	

Narciso Fadéo Quevedo, Left Class during Junior Year.	Mechanical Engineering.
William Ebenezer Reed, <i>Secretary and Treasurer of Class, Prep Year; member of Y. M. C. A.; Timer, Spring Field Day, '85. Left Class at end of Prep Year—now at Cornell University.</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
Harry Emory Rice, <i>Director of A. A., second half Junior Year and during Middle Year; President of Class, last half Senior Year; Treasurer of A. A., Middle Year; member of "Chauvenet Committee," and of "Committee on Revision of A. A. Constitution;" Vice-President of Thompson Club, last half Senior Year, and Term Critic of same, Fall, '87; Business Editor of the "W P I," Senior Year; Starter, Fall Field Day, '85; Marshal, Fall Field Day, '87; Quarter-back on Tech Eleven and on Class Eleven; Starter, Spring Field Day, '88; Clerk of the Course, Intercollegiate Field Day, May 24, '88; Second Prize in Kicking Football, Spring Field Day, '86; Fourth Honor, Prep Year; Chairman "Class Supper Committee;" member of "Commencement Executive Committee;" Business Editor of "The Log."</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
George Ichabod Rockwood, <i>Member of Thompson Club; Judge, Fall Field Day, '86; First Prize in Tug-of-War, Fall Field Day, '86, and Spring, '87.</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
Lee Russell, <i>President of Class, first half Junior Year; Director of A. A., first half Middle Year; member of First Board of Editors of the "W P I;" member of "Chauvenet Committee;" Judge, Spring Field Day, '86; joined Eighty-Nine at the end of Middle Year.</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
John Miles Schofield, <i>Class Monitor; member of Y. M. C. A.</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
Kotaro Martin Shimomura, <i>Member of Y. M. C. A.; First Honor, second half Junior Year; Sixth Honor, first half Middle Year, Third Honor, second half, and Second Honor, first half Senior Year.</i>	Chemistry.
Carl Byron Smith, <i>Member of "Class Book Committee;" Second Treasurer of Thompson Club; member of Y. M. C. A.; Starter, Fall Field Day, '87, and Marshal, Spring Field Day, '88; member of "Class Supper Committee."</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
Fred William Speirs, <i>Class Historian; Vice-President of Class, second half Junior Year; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, first half Junior Year; President of A. A., last half Senior Year; member of Y. M. C. A.; Secretary of Thompson Club, Fall, '87; Usher, Commencement, '86; Second Prize in Half-Mile Bicycle Race, Fall Field Day, '85; First in Mile and Half-Mile Bicycle, Fall, '86; First in Half-Mile and Second in Mile Bicycle, Fall, '87; member of "Class Day Committee."</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
William Sanford Sweetser, <i>Entered Class at beginning of Junior Year; joined Eighty-Nine at the Middle of Junior Year.</i>	Chemistry.
Edward Wellington Swift, <i>Entered Class at beginning of Junior Year; joined Eighty-Nine at the Middle of Junior Year.</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
John Frederic Temple, <i>Joined Class at beginning of Middle Year; Secretary of Class, last half Senior Year; member of "Committee on Organic Chemistry;" member of "Executive Committee of Thompson Club," first half Senior Year, and Term Critic of same, last half Senior Year; President Y. M. C. A., Senior Year; Usher, Fall Field Day, '87; Second Honor, first half Middle Year; Fourth Honor, second half Middle Year; member "Commencement Engraving and Printing Committee;" member of Board of Editors of "The Log."</i>	Civil Engineering.
Guido Franz Hubert von Wrede, <i>Member of Orchestra; member of Class Tug-of-War Team, Senior Year; Third Honor, Prep Year.</i>	Mechanical Engineering.
George Milton Warren, <i>Secretary and Treasurer of Class, first half Middle Year; Captain of Class Baseball Team, Seasons of '85 and '86; Usher, Spring Field Day, '86.</i>	Civil Engineering.

IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE WHEELER FRISBIE

DIED

SEPTEMBER 20, 1885

CLASS HISTORY.

FRED WILLIAM SPEIRS.

GO back with me to the afternoon of February 4, 1885. The short winter day is fast fading into twilight. In a lecture-room in Boynton Hall are gathered forty-two anxious youths, awaiting, with fear and trembling, the announcement of the results of the entrance examinations. The Doctor enters and takes his position on the platform. Every eye is fixed upon him with an expression of intense, almost painful, interest. Deliberately he begins to read the list of successful candidates. During the pauses in the reading, the breathless silence is occasionally broken by a sigh of relief. At last it is finished. Thirty-two men leave the room with triumph beaming from every line of their countenances. The Class of Eighty-Eight has been ushered into existence.

A casual glance at the list of members will reveal the cosmopolitan character of the class. It included one man from Belgium, one from Brazil, one from Guatemala, two from Canada and several from distant parts of the Union. A local journal spoke of us as the most promising set of men that had ever entered the Institute. And we were indeed a model class. The upper classmen were pleased to commend the quality of our towels, and we needed no further evidence of their appreciation of our lunches than that furnished by the rapid disappearance of the same. So pleased were they with our cheerful liberality in furnishing towels and lunches for the Mechanics of the other three classes, that they allowed us—

Preps though we were—to participate in the affairs of the school to the extent of contributing of our substance for the support of various schemes, athletic and otherwise. We learned with joyful surprise that we had contributed more to athletics than any other class in school, and our youthful hearts beat with pride at this new proof of our superiority. It was not until, as Juniors, we witnessed the same touching devotion to athletics on the part of the entering class, that we realized how essential are the Preps to the monetary well-being of the Athletic Association.

Meantime we had organized as a class, and now we entered upon the preparations for Field Day with all the enthusiasm of our glad young lives. We determined to prove that the confidence of our elders in our general excellence was not misplaced. Eighty-Eight is nothing if not original, and, having examined the situation, we determined that in order to fitly celebrate our coming triumph and to save undue wear on the school yell, it would be necessary to have a class yell. Accordingly we struck out from the beaten path, and, after careful consideration, adopted a distinctive yell. Our friends in the upper classes manifested their usual kindly interest in our proceedings, and lent us the moral support of their presence when we practiced our new acquisition behind the shop. Our joy at our anticipated success was tempered by regret that our triumph must be at the expense of these kind friends, but we steeled our hearts against such emotion and proceeded with the preparations. At last, Field Day arrived. Our dark horses were carefully groomed and trotted out. Field Day passed, and left us sadder and wiser men. Not even a second prize stood credited to Eighty-Eight. The public had been denied the pleasure of listening to our cherished class yell. But it was a Bull Run, not a Waterloo. We learned our strength by having our weakness revealed, and, profiting by our experience, we steadily advanced Eighty-Eight's banner until it floated proudly, the standard of the acknowledged athletic champions of the Institute.

If our success in the field of brawn was not overwhelming in those early days, in the field of brain we were triumphant from the first. The school paper, now a recognized force in the Institute, owes its existence to the untiring efforts of our first President.

Realizing the aching void which existed in this direction, he set to work with his characteristic energy, interested the school in the project, and, in face of the cold neutrality of the Faculty and the indifferent support of the school, by dint of hard, self-sacrificing labor, he established the "WPI" upon a firm basis. Not a man but felt a thrill of pride as he opened the first number, and read upon the title-page: "J. B. Chittenden, '88, Editor-in-Chief."

All this time we were advancing steadily in the field of knowledge. We investigated thoroughly the possibilities of sawdust and glue as auxiliaries to the noble art of carpentry; we sketched from nature—our favorite retreat for this purpose being Agricultural Park; we became proficient in the "Art of Expression." Our specialty was the determination and classification of adverbs. Shortly after our introduction to wood-working machinery, our German member, being of an experimental turn of mind, tried to ascertain the speed of the buzz-planer by placing his hand upon the revolving knives. The experiment somewhat marred the symmetry of his hand. Toward the close of the year, we endeavored to present the foreman of the wood-room with a group photograph of the class. Unhappily for posterity, the negative was accidentally destroyed before a single copy of the picture had been printed. At last, vacation released us, and we went home, happy in the consciousness that we had passed through the transition state of our student existence, and were now full-fledged members of the Institute.

Vacation over, we assembled as Juniors. Out of forty-two applicants for membership in the class, twenty-six happy mortals received the stamp of approval from the Faculty. Our foreign contingent was strengthened by the accession of a member from Japan and one from Brazil. We sought in vain for five once familiar faces. Five men who had wielded the deadly chisel and the festive glue-brush had left us forever. Our German friend had deserted us for Eighty-Seven. The class of Eighty-Eight—first in the classroom, first in the field and first in the hearts of the Faculty—was now fairly launched upon its career of triumph. We were no exception to the rule that declares the Junior Class the most learned body of men on the face of the globe—in their own estimation.

However, we struggled against this feeling of superiority and, aided materially by the Faculty, we at last brought ourselves to a sense of our ignorance. Early in the year the death-angel entered our midst for the first and last time, bearing from earth our classmate, George W. Frisbie. Strengthened by our new material we partially redeemed our record on Field Day. Our tug-of-war-team pulled Eighty-Seven, and we secured a total of fifteen per cent. of prizes. Aroused by Eighty-Nine's boast of an invincible ball-nine, we arose in our might and taught them the bitterness of a defeat of twenty-two to six. At the Spring Field Day we carried off thirty-seven per cent. of prizes and became the proud possessors of five school records. Our propensity for records had become so overpowering that we found ourselves breaking records in school work. Mr. Camp secured the record for the greatest number of original propositions in geometry ever solved at the Institute, and holds it to this day. By this time we had become remarkably fluent in "Dutch," profoundly versed in mathematics of various kinds and thoroughly conversant with the sciences of chemistry and physics. As examinations approached, we convened in solemn conclave to determine the fate of the fiend who had untiringly pursued us during the year. After mature deliberation we decided that, inasmuch as our little difficulty with Bill Chauvenet was in a fair way to be concluded satisfactorily, we would let bygones be bygones and not mete out strict justice to him. The cremation was therefore omitted.

In the rush and confusion of school-life we had almost forgotten to mark those who fell by the wayside. But now, as we found leisure to consider the matter, we began to realize how disastrous had been this first year's campaign. Of the gallant array of fifty-three confident men who had faced hard work ten months before, sixteen unfortunates had succumbed. Four had joined Eighty-Nine's ranks and twelve had left the Institute. We mourned the loss of our gentle Brazilian, our olive-hued friend from Guatemala, our own Sir Isaac, the Knight of the Unshorn Locks, the versatile Phil, the dexterous manipulator of sawdust and glue, and others, too numerous to mention.

We had now arrived at the dignity of the estate of Middlers. We received a former member of Eighty-Seven into fraternal

relations, and, not to be outdone in generosity, we committed three men to Eighty-Nine's fostering care during the year. Field Day proved a sort of benefit performance to Eighty-Eight. Eighty-one per cent. of prizes and six school records proved conclusively our athletic prowess. We determined to celebrate so signal a triumph in a fitting manner. A supper at Rebboli's so blinded our moral perceptions that we forgot all about the Faculty rule against bonfires and processions, and, securing barrels, marched to the Tech. and enjoyed a glorious fire. Unhappily for the Fireman's Relief Association, no intelligent citizen rang an alarm, and the treasury was not enriched in consequence. The Fall of '86 was a memorable period in our athletic history. In addition to the sweeping triumph of Field Day we secured the football championship, and took every prize at tennis. January 26, we partook of our Half-Way Through Dinner at the Bay State House. It is unnecessary to record the fact that we made this a grand and glorious occasion. The Thompson Club, another product of the characteristic class energy, began its successful career about this time. During our spare moments, we pursued the elusive mysteries of descriptive, we lost ourselves in the mazes of analytical geometry, we floundered through calculus, we dabbled in water-colors, we ground out machine poetry in German, and, incredible as it may seem, we are alive to tell the tale.

At the beginning of the Junior Year, after sharing with us the joys and sorrows of Prep life, the genial Von had wandered from our fold and allied himself with Eighty-Seven. But he saw the error of his ways, and the Senior Year found him again with us. Thirty-four men rounded the last turn and prepared for the final spurt. We have come down the home-stretch with colors flying and approach the finish line with unbroken ranks. We have taken moments with eminent success, we have roamed the fields of literature and garnered therefrom much that is valuable.

As we pause for a moment to-day upon the threshold of that new and broader life which lies before us, and cast a retrospective glance over our course, we find the picture a bright one, with just enough shadow to emphasize the higher lights. We have met with success along every line of activity. In the field, Eighty-Eight has ever been pre-eminent. Our tennis record has been phenomenal.

Every tennis prize competed for during our course, with one single exception, has been won by Eighty-Eight men. The exception was a prize in a double, won by an Eighty-Nine man who formerly belonged to Eighty-Eight. Our football team has held the championship for two seasons, and the strongest players upon the victorious school team of last season were Eighty-Eight men. We leave the Institute with nine Field Day records in our possession. The management of Field Day, the list of events, the records, all have undergone a wonderful transformation since our entrance to the Institute, from those befitting a country high-school, to those becoming a member of the Intercollegiate Association. Notwithstanding our characteristic modesty, truth compels us to claim a prominent part in the general advancement of athletics. As a final proof of our enterprise, we have prepared and published a Class-book—the first one issued from the Institute since '84.

Your historian has sketched, with meagre and unsatisfactory touches, a few of the more prominent features of the course. But there is another history—a deeper and a truer one. For three eventful years we have stood shoulder to shoulder, we have grappled with the same difficulties, we have met with the same reverses, we have achieved the same successes. Our defeats have been rendered less bitter by mutual sympathy; our triumphs have been heightened by mutual participation. As we have met day after day, we have been drawn closer together—gradually, imperceptibly, but irresistibly. To-day we stand here not as individuals, but as individual members of the Class of Eighty-Eight, bound one to another by an indissoluble tie. Who shall analyze the complex combinations of circumstances which have conspired to unify us? Who shall trace the intricate play of the forces that have woven this subtle fabric of class feeling? And yet, such is the true class history—the history in which heart-throbs take the place of statistics, and the warmth of emotion is substituted for the coldness of abstract fact. Do you say this is sentimentality? Wait. Wait until years have rolled over us—until, at some distant period, musing in some quiet hour of reverie, you allow your thoughts to wander back to your school days. Then you will realize the truth of the poet's words:

“We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great.”

Then you will find the fancies of to-day realities, and the realities of to-day phantoms. Then the veil of superficiality will be drawn aside, and there will be revealed, not the history of the successes of the class-room, not the record of athletic triumphs; but you will read, deeply engraven on the tablets of memory, the heart-history of the class.



CLASS POEM.

JONATHAN BRACE CHITTENDEN.



HERE fair Vermont's Green Mountain rocks
Rise highest from the ocean's bed,
A crystal spring has bubbled forth,
From which two mountain streams are fed.

The first bounds down the rocky side
And forms the wild Pasumpsic's source,
With the Connecticut unites,
And follows long its quiet course.

Full many a town and city fair
Upon its banks its wealth has found,
Till, all its work complete at last,
It swells Long Island's peaceful sound.

The other from its brother turns
And on its journey hurries forth,
O'er cliff and rock, a rugged way,
Into the regions of the North.
Through chasms deep its course it trends,
Where forests dark their shadows lend ;
The deer alone its pure stream loves,
Wild nature is its only friend.
Unheeded, still it journeys on,
Swelling its waters more and more,
Till with the great St. Lawrence tide
It washes Nova Scotia's shore.

Classmates ! upon this day of days,
When parting hours are now so near,
This thought must stir in every heart,
The meaning to each one be clear.

Through channels dark we've wound our way
 Winning the strength which toil doth bring,
 Till into life's swift course we bound—
 Our source the same bright crystal spring.
 One instant we reflect the light,
 United as a faithful band,
 Then stern decree of Fate obey
 And part to toil throughout the land.
 North and South and East and West
 Our divers ways of duty run,
 Nor may we pause this side the sea
 Till work is finished, once begun.
 Some rivers wide and peaceful are,
 Others in rocky channel cast,
 Turbid and restless score their way,—
 All reach the ocean's tide at last.

Fair Polytechnic ! we greet thee to-day ;
 Our conquests and thine they are one :
 All hail ! ere we part ; the stream here divides ;
 Thy lesson, our duty is done.
 Thy fame we will cherish ; ours, make it thy care ;
 Bind the laurel our brows to await,
 And of all thy proud sons none shall honor thee more
 Than the boys of the year Eighty-Eight.

Dear Eighty-Eight ! was there ever a class
 Whose name had a cadence so sweet,
 Whose shout on the field had a heartier ring,
 Whose colors combined half so neat ?
 When shall fond memory fail to recall
 Thy glorious victories won,
 The records thy students and athletes have made,
 Thy projects so ably begun ?

What Prep class our handy-work ever excelled,
 Or produced such an excellent yell ?
 What Junior has solved more original "probs,"
 Of a grander class bonfire can tell ?
 What Middler of field-day first prizes can boast,
 Of our record of eighty per cent ?
 What Seniors have sported so many silk hats,
 To the Tech. have more dignity lent ?

Twenty-three records we've broken in all,
 While nine to our credit now stand.
 Each season at tennis we've captured the cup
 And subscribed our fair share for the band.
 Our famous eleven has ne'er been excelled,
 And our nine did not score a defeat,
 And both hold this year the championship ;
 Could a record be made more complete ?

" But how about scholarship ? " cynics may ask,
 As they look at our catalogue's plan ;
 " We find nothing here of a course in baseball
 For developing physical man."
 Dear cynic ! we beg, on the score of its youth,
 You'll require no such task of our muse ;
 Our learning's a subject that's endless, you know,
 On that ground you'll surely excuse.
 The Thompson Club, known for its brilliant debates,
 Its foundation, we surely can claim ;
 And much of the journal's hard-earned success
 To our credit will go down to fame.

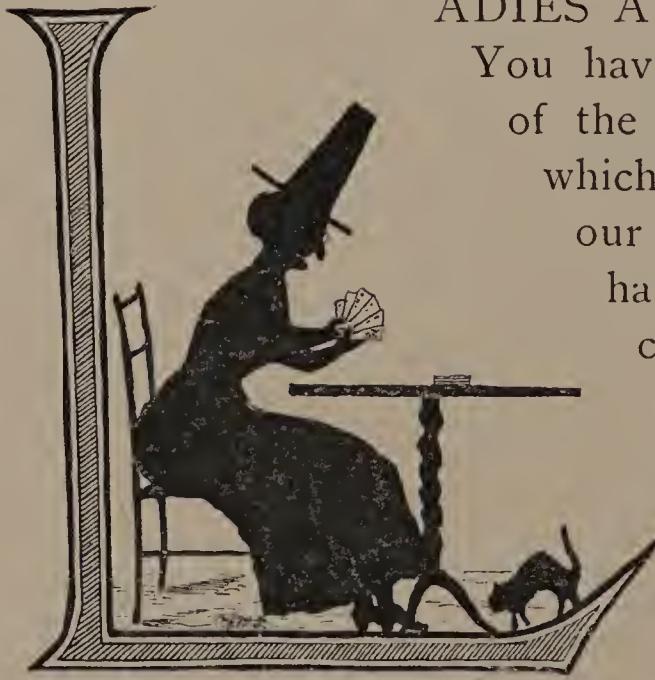
It is well when the shadows of evening descend
 On a day's work that's faithfully done,
 To review with the pleasure such thought always brings
 The success our endeavors have won.
 Fair Polytechnic ! may each new year's class
 Bring fresh laurels thy fame to maintain,
 May all of our records next year be surpassed,
 May thy fields broader boundaries gain ;
 May a neat airy chapel some time take the place
 Of the prison in old Boynton Hall,
 And students assemble for fair worship's sake,
 Instead of at stern duty's call.
 We trust you'll not always, at risk of our health,
 Raise our intellects out of the dark :
 May a famous gymnasium soon raise its front
 In a beautiful Institute Park.

Classmates ! our school-days are over at last,
 The hour of our parting is near ;
The past we have won, the present is ours,
 To the future advance without fear.
Each hour's a Commencement in life's busy school,
 In which something for truth is begun ;
Let each day be a Class-day from which to look back
 On some victory honestly won.
Near each loyal heart as the years hurry by
 May the sweet voice of memory wait,
And echo the wish : "Till life's journey is done,
 May God's blessing be with Eighty-Eight ! "



THE CLASS PROPHECY.

JOSEPH HERSCHEL JENKINS.



ADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

You have kindly listened to the recital of the great deeds and little events in which we as a class have figured during our course at the Tech. Our history has shown us to be a wonderful class; as Preps we suspected as much, and now that we are about to graduate, we know it. Let me hasten to inform you that we have a wonderful future.

I hope, gentlemen of the Class of Eighty-Eight, that I have your

full confidence, and that you will not mistrust me on the ground that I have never shown my prophetic ability, for, gentlemen, I have shown it. Reciting one day in Mineralogy, the man next to me stealthily put some chalk into a bottle of H Cl, and I said to myself at the time, "the stopper will fly out of that bottle," and, gentlemen, it did.

The man who did this deed was a civil. His name is Jewett. That man, my friends, will continue to exhale carbon di-oxide to his dying day. Starting in life as a chain-man, he will stride along through successive positions, as you have seen him on field-days in the hop-step-and-jump, and at last will become the president of the Squedunc and Blankville Railroad.

Do you, mechanics, remember the man who bore on his back one afternoon, up and down a burning field of grass, a fire extinguisher, and with heroic efforts watched the litt'l fires we ourselves had kindled when the danger was over, and we feared to be called back to shop-work? That man has upon his shoulders upheld the honor of the class through many tug-of-war and football contests; and, although his foes accuse him of boasting the power of Atlas, it is due to him to state that he never said he could support the world alone. Mr. Camp will be successful in various places. Leaving the Norton Emery Wheel Co., after a few years, he will accept the position of instructor of modern English at the Clark University, but will afterwards resign, and purchase of Mr. Bristol the necessary equipments for a first-class museum of natural curiosities, to be on exhibition daily at Washburn Hall.

Turning again to the scene of the burning field, who does not remember the zeal with which another of our class heaped the dry leaves upon the fire on one side of a wall, while on the other side our respected boss of the wood-room frantically strove to extinguish the flames as they leaped between the stones? This incident shows what is in the man. The incendiary impulses of Mr. Holdsworth will increase. In less than ten years he will be Grand Master of the Barbarian Brotherhood of Anarchial Annihilators. What German he has learned will give him a place among the fiercest of socialistic enthusiasts, and from his Chemistry and Rankine will come such compounds and contrivances as will make the world to tremble, while Guy Fawkes and modern dynamiters will blush for their insignificance. O, my friends, there are dangers attached to a technical education!

Quite different is the future which I predict for the man who is next on my list. Mr. C. F. Bailey will put into practical use through his life the qualities you have often heard him mention, go-ahead-ness and stick-to-it-ism. He will go ahead, and if he goes slowly, it will be because he is grading his pathway so that he can not slip backwards. Far out in the West, on the very edge of the continent, wherever a boom may be expected, Mr. Bailey will be found, rapidly making a fortune. He will devote much of his time

to perfecting an alloy for box-bearings to take the place of Babbitt, which metal will always be to him as an eyesore.

William J. Duncan, formerly of Saratoga, will work for a while in a civil engineer's office in central Texas. To earn a little spending money and keep himself fresh in the art, he will give lessons in dancing to select classes, five evenings in the week. His unquestioning acceptance of the opinions of other people will gain him many friends. Before long he will tire of Texas life and will decide to change his calling. After a course of preparatory study he will enter the ministry.

The superintendent of his Sunday-school and an influential member of his parish will be, it will please you to know, R. Eugene Eldridge. I might add that Mr. Eldridge will never lose his interest in the "Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers at Scranton, Pennsylvania."

A. S. Cushman will compete bravely with the tennis experts of Newport, writing in his spare moments a treatise on "How to Discover New Elements."

G. M. Warren, our champion all-round ball player, great on pick-ups and a good catch, will form a combination with his old friend "Mike Kelly, of the Bostons." Being about used up at the end of the second season, he will retire on his laurels, and, having saved sufficient where-with-all, will run for Congress. It pains me, however, to state that in this he will not be successful. After his defeat he will brush the cobwebs from his Trautwine and superintend the construction of a dry (!) dock at the Paxton Navy Yard.

Another man who will seek congressional fame is J. Fred Temple. Persevering, in spite of several failures, he will at last obtain a seat in the Senate. My friends, those of us who are then alive will see great changes in the Constitution of the United States. Notwithstanding the questionable legality of the proceeding, that instrument will undergo a thorough revision and alteration under the supervision of our Chicago friend. Special action will be taken to prohibit memory exercises of all kinds in our technical schools and to abolish the marking system of the same. A traveling bag will be Mr. Temple's constant companion.

John M. Schofield will agree with the poet that

"To get a place as waiter,
Or to run an elevator,
Are about the only chances for a cultivated man."

Having successfully filled both of these positions he will in a few years take a well-earned rest, and start on a pleasure tour around, or rather a part way around, the world. I say a part way around, because, although his intention will be to return to his native land, yet fate has made other arrangements. In a fearful storm on the Pacific his ship will be wrecked and he will be cast upon a desolate island, inhabited by savages. He will try in vain to earn a living by running elevators for the natives, and will even offer to wait on table if they will spare his life. This offer will finally be accepted, but construed in a manner most embarrassing to Mr. Schofield. He will be given a place on the table and will be allowed to wait, but there will be very little left of him at the end of the meal.

His bones will scarce have whitened, when upon that lonely isle a missionary will appear, whose grip-sack will bear the name of R. L. Lovell, and whose mild persuasion will tame the savage breasts about him. His improved electric converters will have a great effect upon the natives and will, indeed, bring to his side more converts than he could have made by the old-fashioned Bible method.

Another Saratoga man, one who, unlike Mr. Duncan, will not at once accept every one's opinions, but who will rather suggest the propriety of his adversary's coming off, is C. B. Smith. Mr. Smith will test the locomotives used on Mr. Jewett's road, and will occasionally run a switch engine about the freight yards. For a while he will be leader of a prominent church choir, but will shortly be asked to resign, on account of his inability to make himself heard.

Messrs. Mulliken and Patterson will be partners in the soap business. Their production will combine the qualities of a dirt remover with those of a patent medicine, being a sure cure, upon internal application, for coughs, colds, consumption and croup, producing a beautiful complexion when used externally, and being

invaluable to house-cleaners and washer-women. Huge masses of it will be used at the Tech when compulsory bathing becomes a part of the course.

Fred S. Hunting, Eighty-Eight's great back-stop, who, by the way, has nothing to do with Hunting the Snark, will, as his name implies, be more or less of a sportsman. His fondness for guns will lead him into the manufacture of fire-arms, and many and interesting will be his attempts to do away with heavy ordnance, and condense into a pocket instrument all the power and efficiency of the present cumbersome weapons. Let us hope that Mr. Hunting and Mr. Holdsworth will never come into collision.

And speaking thus of implements of war reminds me of Speirs, a man who is going to do great things in bicycle evolution. Not only will he run off with all the prizes worth having, but he will also introduce many improvements in the construction of road machines. After remodeling cycles of two and three wheels, he will work a long time on the unicycle problem, which he will solve successfully, as soon as he can properly dispose of his unbalanced forces. The only cycle which Mr. Speirs will never get on to, is that of M. Carnot.

Charles L. Griffin will have a strong desire to be a dentist, but wishing to make use of his technical education, he will content himself with inventing and making false teeth for spur and bevel gearing. His fondness for this occupation will so infuse itself into his family that his children will be seen playing with rolling circles and making epicycloidial faces at one another.

W. S. Sweetser will not confine himself long to the foul air of a chemical laboratory, but will take to the wild life of the West. He will become a bold and accomplished cowboy and will make a great stir in this city, when, with long flowing hair and characteristic dress, he appears at our alumni reunions.

I am glad to be able to state that some attention will be given to the progress of the fine arts by members of our class. H. E. Rice will acquire fame as an instructor in free-hand drawing and water-color sketching. His own productions will introduce many novelties in landscape painting, and his rendering of scenes from life will be ingenious if not striking.

W. R. Marden will rise rapidly as a civil engineer. He will be disliked at first by his men, because of his habit of shouting his orders, instead of speaking gently. He will, eventually, be possessor of several valuable railroads.

On one of these roads will be found as an engineer, F. J. Doon, who, with E. W. Gilman as stoker, will transport from place to place thousands of living beings. Several accidents will happen to their trains, from which they will always escape uninjured, although the lives of many less fortunate will be sacrificed. This loss of life, however, will not trouble their consciences, for the crew of a stock train are apt to be hard-hearted.

Perhaps the grandest achievement of the graduates of Eighty-Eight will be a great geological survey of parts of this country. I see on this expedition Messrs. Frary, Goodell, Paul, Rockwood and Shimomura. The coal mines of this city, Millstone Hill and Quinsigamond, will undergo a closer examination than even Middlers could give them. In the latter place the deposit of galenite will be found to have greatly diminished. Mr. Frary will boss the expedition, and work the cold-chisel and hammer. Goodell will run the transit, and with Paul's assistance perform the mathematical work. Mr. Rockwood will entertain the others with banjo selections and will keep a close watch for mineral salt, which he will insist upon calling halite. Shimomura will superintend the chemical tests and keep the journal; for, in the words of one of our Faculty, "Shimomura uses better English than any other man in the class." Great mysteries and secrets, which now puzzle scientific men, will be solved by our geological friends to their own entire satisfaction, and the published account of their discoveries and conclusions will make an interesting volume. I advise you all, who are then alive, to purchase a copy to put with other curiosities. I am unable, at present, to tell you the retail price.

Herr Guido Franz Hubert von Wrede is destined to swell the ranks of temperance workers. His moral and scientific arguments against the use of lager will give him prominence among our leading reformers. His favorite sermon will have for its text, "Drink not that ye be not drunk."

Charles Ferry will gain renown as a traveling physician. He

will have a lively competition with his former chums, the soap-dealers, whose compound he will pronounce absolutely worthless. His friends will be annoyed by the lack of style in his dress, and it will be difficult to persuade him to wear anything but old-fashioned clothes.

P. J. McFadden will not hide his candle, etc., but will rig it up for a foot-light, that his theatrical and musical powers may be seen of men. His will be an itinerant company, and perhaps, at a high figure, he will consent to appear on Mr. Camp's programme for a limited time. His greatest success will be a play of his own composition, entitled, "The Camera Fiend."

Another man who will tread the boards, but who will not be hired by any dime show managers, is J. Brace Chittenden. Before going upon the stage, however, Mr. Chittenden will teach school in Southern Colorado. The regular course of study will include Spelling, Shakespeare, English by diagrams and German. His constant companion and helper, a man to whom he will always look up, is C. W. Chadwick. The two will often be seen riding about on a bicycle. This may seem a little odd, but "the long and the short of it" is, that there will be a pair of treadles on the small wheel to accommodate Mr. Chittenden. This unique contrivance will be a present from its originator, Mr. Speirs. Mr. Chadwick will be prominent as an electrician. His magneto electric tooth-extractor will cause great sensations when put into use.

Perhaps it is strange that of our twenty-one Mechanics, but one should give his whole time to inventing. One man, however, we have who really *admires* this business. If you happen to be in M'ville about ten years from now, don't fail to visit a handsome building on the corner of P. and Q. streets, where this sign will attract the eye :

IDEAS
AT REASONABLE RATES.

Here, in luxuriously furnished apartments, will be found an ideal machine shop; such a one as perhaps you never saw before. On the floor will be an exquisite carpet; before each lathe and planer, upholstered sofas and arm-chairs. A sort of cash-carrier

system over-head will bring to each man at his work tools from the tool room upon application by telephone, and pipes coming to each machine will supply lemonade to the workmen. Numerous electric motors will furnish the power. No speck of dirt or drop of oil will anywhere be visible. The workmen will wear spotless linen and stylish apparel, unprotected by overalls or aprons. Everything possible will be done for their convenience and comfort. Over a portière at the end of this mechanical parlor will be seen in gilded letters, "G. F. M., Private Office." Enter here, and Mr. Myers will be charmed to see you. He will gladly show you through his store rooms, where will be seen thousands of models of every conceivable mechanical combination, all of his own invention. He may even consent to show you his latest production, a new match scratcher. "Don't you see?" I hear him say, "Very simple; just a small emery grinder to fit in the pocket. A miniature battery makes it run, and all you have to do is to press this button and touch your match to the wheel as it revolves, and pischt! it is all lighted. You see that wheel is pretty solid and you could light a million matches before it would wear out. It is ever so much better than using the sole of your boot."

But, in spite of Mr. Myers' extraordinary ability as an idea producer, he will eventually tire of his work, and leaving his upholstered machine-shop, will devote his time to the development of his theatrical genius. I need not tell the people of Worcester that at last Mr. Myers will have found the sphere in which he was born to succeed.

Ladies and gentlemen: the future of but one member of the class of Eighty-Eight remains to be predicted. Of him I am unable to speak. For information, however, respecting the fate that awaits him, I refer you to Mr. Camp, the prophet's prophet.

THE PROPHET'S PROPHECY.

GEORGE ERASTUS CAMP.

WISHING to find the whereabouts of Joseph Herschel Jenkins, one year hence, I turn to a catalogue of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute for '89, and there, opposite his name, I find these words: "Student, Miss Partington's Kindergarten, Paxton, Mass." This was enough. I knew that he must, of necessity, be very busy studying, "so that no one else would stand first, if he could help it," so I did not call upon him.

A year goes by, and in June, '90, Eighty-Eight assembles for a reunion; but I fail to see Jenkins. Immediately I inquire, "Where is Jenkins?"

"Why, to be sure," quickly answers one, "that's a good question; but—er-er, did you not know that he over-studied at the Kindergarten, and is now an inmate of *Dr. Brown's School for Feeble-Minded Youth*, at Barre?"

Alas! poor boy. As Samantha said: "I allers knew that edercation would be the ruination of that boy."

CHIPS.

"Facts are stubborn things."

SINCE the beginning of Prep Year there have been sixty-two men connected with our class. Before the end of Junior Year twelve of these men, in the judgment of their superiors, proved themselves unworthy of the Institute's training, and were accordingly granted an indefinite leave of absence, while seven others, not finding congeniality enough in Eighty-Eight, have dropped back to come in on the home stretch with Eighty-Nine. Three have sought the discipline of other schools, and one of these has already received his B. S. and returned to his native heath in Brazil.

But let us glance at the thirty-four men (or rather men and boys, for there are twelve of the latter) who remain to do honor to the Class of Eighty-Eight. Fourteen of this number have migrated from homes outside of Massachusetts, three of them being from foreign climes, or rather four, for one comes from Chicago. Fourteen also are residents of Worcester County, and, therefore, have contributed nothing, save chemistry fees, towards supplying the Profs with pin-money. Seventeen were born in Massachusetts, four in New York, three in Vermont, two in New Hampshire, and one each in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Canada, Japan, Prussia and Italy. Eight only are from the city of Worcester. This speaks well for Worcester, for no man is ever a lion at home.

As you gaze with admiration upon this mingled assemblage of natives and foreigners and behold their lofty demeanor, you would naturally think the average age of such personified dignity to be somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-six years, when in reality it is only twenty-one years, eleven months, and five days on June 28th.

The Green Mountain State furnishes us with the oldest man, Frary, with a record of twenty-five years, eleven months, and three days, while Parmalee J., of Philadelphia, is a close second, with a record of twenty-five years, eight months, and fifteen days. And whom do you think the youngest man? Why, it is "Billy" Jewett, who is only nineteen years, seven months, and twenty days old. Canadian Ernest thought he had it, but "Billy," as usual, is ahead by about twenty-five days. Vermont again comes to the front, and when "Rastus" has covered the platform of Fairbanks' Standard Scales the city weigher hands us a check which reads $203\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Omaha now steps on and tips them at 169, and Montpelier smiles a smile of supreme satisfaction. A pair of household scales inform us that our lightest man is our friend from Japan, who weighs but $112\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Commodore George Francis Myers, of New York City, tried hard to compete with Kotaro, but found that he had not worked quite hard enough at the gymnasium, and so has to content himself with 119 pounds, which is somewhat lower than the general average of 147 pounds.

The results of barometric observations assign the greatest altitudes, 6' 4", and 6' 13/4" to "Chad" and "Rastus," respectively, while the lowest height measured was that of Kotaro, 5' 2 1/2", which is 6 1/2" below the average height of 5' 9".

There are three big heads in the class, but the percentage of gray matter in each has as yet not been calculated. (The Committee on Statistics are waiting for further developments.) "Chad," Frary and Rockwood have considerable difficulty in securing 7 3/8 hats, while seven other men, wearing the smallest size of 6 7/8, complain of the poor quality of such hats. This state of affairs is easily accounted for, for out of these seven men who have such small heads, five study on Sunday, and two do not, and of the first three, only one studies on Sunday. It is hardly practicable to suggest a reform here, for out of thirty-four men in the class, twenty-one find it convenient to indulge in Sunday study.

It is an interesting fact that out of a class consisting of eleven Congregationalists, four Unitarians, four Theosophists, two Methodists, two Universalists, one Baptist, one Catholic, one Episcopalian,

one Friend, one Lutheran, one Presbyterian, and four who have no religious proclivities, only six favor compulsory attendance at chapel, and one man has no opinion to express on the subject.

Another interesting fact and one of considerable significance is that not one man in the thirty-four favors the marking system. Twelve men are satisfied with the course of study, and seven only partially so, and twenty, were they to repeat the course, would not work any harder, and two who tried for the first six and didn't get there, stated emphatically that they would not work nearly as hard.

The "grinding" process has been carried on quite successfully in Eighty-Eight. The society for the promotion of this art includes the following officers and members, mentioned in the order of their importance:

President—SHIMOMURA.

Secretary—MARDEN.

Vice-President—BAILEY,

Treasurer—GOODELL.

Members—CAMP, HUNTING, FERRY, WARREN, and TEMPLE.

A few members of the class have found time to do a little general reading, aside from school work, and as a result of such reading, Dickens, Longfellow, Scott and Shakspeare are considered favorite authors, while one poor unfortunate, whose experience has been somewhat limited, steps bravely forth and declares himself in favor of George I. Alden. But forgive him, dear reader, he's not yet of age.

The three years' go-as-you-please race for the position of "laziest man" has been awarded to "Von." "Cush" came in second, only one lap behind the winner. The management spoke very highly of "Schoey," "Dunkey," Myers, Mulliken, Gilman, Sweetser, and Warren, and wished them better luck in the next contest.

Sixteen members of the class are musically inclined, and one of this number, who is not wholly satisfied with the course of study at the Institute, claims to derive enjoyment from the flute, piano, 'cello, clarinet, and violin, and another says that he can evolve harmony from the piano, harmonica and zither. Six can rival Hoffmann at the piano, and five can cope with Musin in playing the violin; two play the flute, two the 'cello, and two others are rash

enough to say that they can blow tin horns, and still another says that he can play the hand-organ. We rather doubt the truthfulness of such statements; however, we do not care to be burdened with any proof to the contrary. One man finds consolation in the jews-harp, and still another in the bagpipe. Such is the musical genius of Eighty-Eight.

Bearing in mind the fact that Eighty-Eight holds the championship in football, it is scarcely necessary to state that nine men prefer this sport to any other. Five profess a fondness for tennis, and two each for baseball, billiards, boating and skating, and one man seems to think there's nothing like loafing, and another leans towards picnics, and, strange to say, this man is one of the eight who are not given to card-playing. We would suggest a post-graduate course for this member.

Three men in the class are so overcome at times with the olive-green and cardinal that they can't be induced to wear blue in its place, and two others are *occasionally* inclined to follow in their footsteps.

Eleven, like the Dutch council of old, are contented to "sit for hours smoking and watching the smoke curl from their pipes to the ceiling." The word "pipes," however, might with propriety be replaced by "cigarettes." Occasionally three others partake of the filthy weed.

After spending so many weeks in writing and reading compositions on such thrilling and soul-inspiring subjects as "How I spent my Summer Vacation," "My Native Town," "My Aim in Life," etc., and as many more in committing to memory the Constitution of the United States, it would seem most natural that some one member in the class should declare English his favorite study—but he has not done this. The majority prefer mathematics, and four men "lieben die Deutsche Sprache" with "criticisms" and "still farthers" thrown in at the rate of eighteen per hour.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather quite a large audience turned out to witness the all-around contest between various members of the faculty for the position of "Favorite Prof." The fight was animated from the start, and for a while it looked as if "Kimmy" would win with several points, but "Johnny" seemed

to gain renewed vigor towards the last and finally succeeded in tying "Kimmy" for first place. Dr. K. fought in fine form and finished a good second with "Tene" very close behind him.

Equally as interesting and exciting was the class race for the position of "most popular man," in which there were five entries. "Chad" and "Chit" had a close race for first place. "Chad" led off and succeeded in holding his own up to within twenty rods of the finish when "the short of it" made a grand spurt, passing his rival and breasting the tape just three seconds ahead of "the long of it," who finished in second place, with Griffin but a few seconds behind. "Cush" and Speirs were not feeling first rate and both had to drop out of the race, the latter at the end of the first lap, and the former at the end of the third.

After "striking" for three long years twenty-four members of the class have decided to go to work, eight expressing a desire to take up Mechanical Engineering, four Electrical Engineering, and four Railroad Engineering; three wish to become Teachers, one of these hoping to secure the professorship of Higher Mathematics at the Institute (we volunteer this information for the benefit of the present incumbent); one wishes to engage in Mining Engineering, two in Civil Engineering, and two others prefer to take up Chemistry. We are led to conclude that the ten remaining men will be willing to accept most any position with a \$5,000 or \$6,000 salary attached to it.

Of this vast number of enlightened intellects twenty-two are Republicans, four Democrats, three Mugwumps, two Independents, one a Prohibitionist, and one a Liberal, while Kotaro has not yet made up his mind what he is.

And now you ask who is the smartest man in the lot. Well, you will have to settle this point for yourselves, for with us there is a difference of opinion on the subject. Ten men seem to think that Griffin is the man, while nine think that Goodell is, and six others that Kotaro is "lord high executioner."

For further information concerning the illustrious men of Eighty-Eight, we refer our readers to the excuse books and private records to be found in Boynton Hall.

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F. W. SPEIRS.

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J. BRACE CHITTENDEN,	- - -	CLASS POET.
FRED W. SPEIRS,	- - -	HISTORIAN.
JOSEPH H. JENKINS,	- - -	PROPHET.
GEORGE E. CAMP,	- - -	PROPHET ON PROPHET.
J. BRACE CHITTENDEN,	- - -	CLASS TREE ORATOR.
ALLERTON S. CUSHMAN,	- - -	TOAST MASTER.

COMMITTEES.

Class Day Committee.

C. W. CHADWICK.	F. S. HUNTING.	F. W. SPEIRS.
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Class Supper Committee.

H. E. RICE.	
J. M. GOODELL.	C. B. SMITH.

Printing and Engraving Committee.

P. J. McFADDEN.	J. F. TEMPLE.	A. S. CUSHMAN.
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Executive Committee.

(Consisting of Chairmen of several Committees.)

C. W. CHADWICK.	H. E. RICE.	P. J. McFADDEN.
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THESES AND THESIS DRAWINGS.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-EIGHT.

Thesis.	C. F. BAILEY.	Thesis Drawing.
A "Cradle" Dynamometer.		Same as thesis.
	G. E. CAMP.	
A New Multiple Expansion Engine.		Same as thesis.
	C. W. CHADWICK.	
Electric Welding.		Putnam Engine Lathe Tailstock.
	J. B. CHITTENDEN.	
Design of a Suspension Bridge Adapted to the Causeway at Lake Quinsigamond.		
	Design of a Shaft for Aqueduct under Pressure.	
	A. S. CUSHMAN.	
Dephosphorization of Pig in the Basic Process.		A Coal-washing Machine.
	J. F. DOON.	
Henderson's Improved Triple-Expansion Engine.		A Steam Fire Engine.
	W. J. DUNCAN.	
Design for Bowstring Highway Bridge.		Same as thesis.
	R. E. ELDRIDGE.	
Comparative Cost of Gas and Incandescent Electric Illumination.		
	Compound Engine for Belgian-Rod Mill.	
	C. FERRY.	
Cochineal.		Siemens' Steel-Melting Furnace.
	G. H. FRARY.	
Rope Transmission of Power.		The Cummer Engine.
	E. W. GILMAN.	
Railroad Signals.		The Fitchburg Engine.

C. L. GRIFFIN.

The Gaskill Compound Pumping Engine and the Holly
System of Water Supply.

Automatic Staff Lathe.

J. M. GOODELL.

A Design for a Suspension Bridge.

The Wheelock Engine.

F. D. HOLDSWORTH.

A Design of a Shaft Governor.

Same as thesis.

F. S. HUNTING.

Electric Lighting by Means of Secondary
Transformers.

A Twist-Drill Grinder.

J. H. JENKINS.

Construction and Tests of an Electric Motor.

Apron of the New Washburn Lathe.

W. B. JEWETT.

Design for a Deck Bridge.

A Fink Truss.

R. L. LOVELL.

A Dynamo, Designed and Constructed.

Compound Tool-rest of the Putnam Engine Lathe.

W. R. MARDEN.

Tests of Hydraulic Cements.

The South-street Bridge, of Boston.

P. J. McFADDEN.

Leakage in Electro-Magnets.

The Edison Dynamo.

H. S. MULLIKEN.

Comparison of Methods for the Determination of HNO_3 . A Coal Crusher.

G. F. MYERS.

Efficiency of an Experimental Dynamo.

G. W. PATTERSON.

The Analysis of Chromite.

Sweet's Reheating Furnace.

T. D. PAUL.

Hot Water Heating from a Central Station.

The Wilcox Boiler.

H. E. RICE.

Rope-transmission of Power.

The Pond Planer Head.

G. I. ROCKWOOD.

A Valve-Gear for a High-Speed Corliss Engine.

Same as thesis.

J. M. SCHOFIELD.

Cotton-mill Construction.

The Whitin Double Card.

K. M. SHIMOMURA.

Theories of the Constitution and Formation of the Chemical Elements. None.

C. B. SMITH.

The Strong Locomotive. Valve and Valve-Gear of the Strong Locomotive.

F. W. SPEIRS.

The Springfield Roadster Bicycle. Same as thesis.

W. S. SWEETSER.

Saccharine. A Copper Smelting Furnace.

J. F. TEMPLE.

Design for a Double Intersection Bridge. Same as thesis.

G. M. WARREN.

The Railroad Spiral. Cooper's Elevated Railway.

G. F. H. VON WREDE.

Storage Batteries. Simond's Metal-rolling Machine.



Past, Present and Future.

June, 1888. Commencement.

"Special helps for special needs."
 Theses ! !
 Field Day, 100 per cent. (?)

Feb. 1888.

Fossils
 Shakespeare
 Bitter "Moments"

Sept. 1887.

Chemistry Fees
 Function (x)
 Calculus
 Thompson Club

Feb. 1887. Half-Way Through.

"Fire! Fire!!" Fired!!!!
 Championship, Football
 Supper, Bonfire and Buggies
 Field Day, 81 per cent., 6 records

Sept. 1886.

Originals
 B.-B., '88 vs. '89, 22 to 6
 "Sketching! Sketching!"
 Field Day, 37 per cent., 5 records

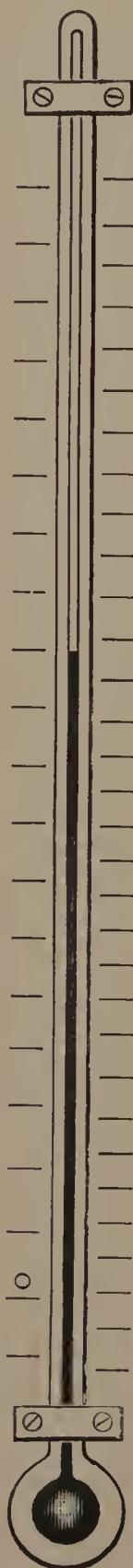
Feb. 1886.

Field Day, 15 per cent. . . .
 Tennis, 6 prizes out of 7
 "The W T I.".
 Division C.

Sept. 1885.

Frogs
 Field Day, 0 per cent.
 Adverbs
 Preps.

Feb. 1885. Cold Day.



—TOASTS.

TOAST MASTER, C. W. CHADWICK.

"Olive-Green and Cardinal."

Pres. J. M. GOODELL.

"The Ladies, God bless them."

J. B. CHITTENDEN.

"Hammer and Anvil."

P. J. McFADDEN.

"Chain and Transit."

V.-Pres. W. B. JEWETT.

"Acid and Base."

A. S. CUSHMAN.

"'88 in the Field."

H. E. RICE.

"Every Pack has its Joker."

G. I. ROCKWOOD.

"Converge! Converge! !"

G. E. CAMP.

"Our Rank System."

C. FERRY.

"Our Landladies."

C. L. GRIFFIN.

"Our Inventors."

GEORGE FRANCIS MYERS.

"That August Body."

R. E. ELDRIDGE.

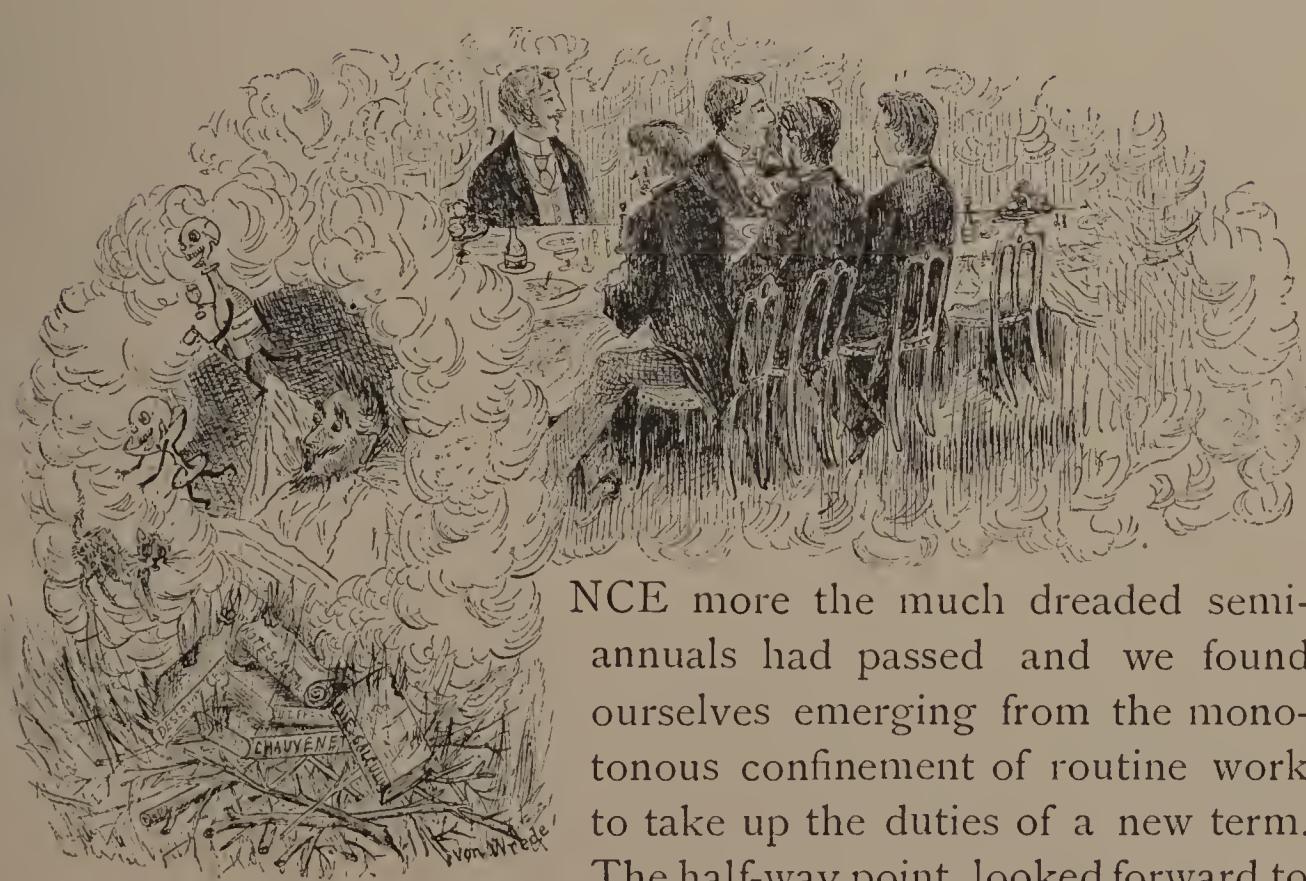
John Hurley, the friend of '88.

G. H. FRARY.

Verses.

J. B. CHITTENDEN.

HALF-WAY THROUGH.



NCE more the much dreaded semi-annuals had passed and we found ourselves emerging from the monotonous confinement of routine work to take up the duties of a new term. The half-way point, looked forward to with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, had at last been reached, and the time-honored custom of commemorating the event by having a class supper loomed up most vividly before our feeble imagination. The truthfulness of the old adage that "all work and no

play makes Jack a dull boy" began to dawn upon our susceptive intellects, and, with a desire to become more intimately acquainted with our fellow-classmates and to dispel all barriers against the establishment of peace and kind feeling between us, the Class of Eighty-Eight entered most heartily into the project before them. Under the able management of the "Committee of Arrangements" this project was destined to succeed.

In the Bay State Dining Hall, on the evening of January 26, 1887, there was a scene long to be remembered in the annals of Eighty-Eight. Thirty-two stalwart Techs, each with his *boutonnière* of carnations and smilax (representing the class colors of cardinal and olive-green, and presented to the class by Mr. Chittenden), sat down prepared to do full justice to an elaborate *ménü*. It is needless to observe that the supper was enjoyed by every individual, particularly by those who were specially primed for the occasion. Roman punch proved a puzzler to many, and, in fact, was satisfactorily analyzed by only one member. Our friend from Japan seemed to derive unusual inspiration from this article, and the avidity with which he manifested his appreciation of its merits afforded not a little amusement for his fellow-classmates. For the first time in the history of the class, we had grown outside of our individual selves, had banished all thoughts of the class-room, and obliterated all traces of melancholy. The reaction had come, and with it, expressions of fraternal friendship and good feeling.

At the close of the supper, President Goodell, being one of those fortunate enough not to be "too full for utterance," introduced Mr. Chadwick as toast-master for the evening, who, after proposing the health of the class, in appropriate speeches called upon different members to respond to the various toasts that had been prepared. The gentlemen responding acquitted themselves most creditably and in a manner most highly appreciated by the class. One member only was poetically inclined, but considering the inspiration to be derived from such a toast as "The ladies—God bless them," we can readily account for Mr. Chittenden's closing his remarks with the following stanzas:

Not to the queen of fashion,
Not to the jeweled breast,
Not to the slave of passion,
Not to the royal crest,

Not to the brow that's fairest,
Not to the eye most bright,
Not to the genius rarest,
The toast I give to-night;

But be it to the maiden,
Who, with eye and brow serene,
On field-day, wears with confidence,
The cardinal and green.

Who, with pleasant smile of welcome,
And voice so full of cheer,
Has ever kindly greeting
For some Tech seated here.

Classmate, you must name her,
None other can, aright;
To her before all others,
We'll drink success to-night.

About midnight the toasts were concluded, after which vocal and instrumental music by members of the class were indulged in. Messrs. Griffin, pianist, McFadden, 'cellist, Goodell, flute, and Frary, violinist, gave a very satisfactory and pleasing exhibition of their musical powers, which, accompanied by dancing, added to the enjoyment of the evening.

It was not until after 2 A. M. that we thought of disbanding, and as we bade adieu to the scene of merry-making, it was with a feeling of supreme satisfaction, mingled possibly with regrets that half-way-through suppers could not occur oftener.

HALF-WAY THROUGH.

[Read at Eighty-Eight's Half-Way Through Supper, January 26, 1887.]

BY J. BRACE CHITTENDEN.

In the City of Worcester—that charming old place,
Where the girls are so pretty and gay,
Where the firemen take runs for the fun of the race,
And the "cops" have things all their own way,
There's a Technical School where the Faculty rule
And the boys have but little to say.

And the head of this school is a man of fair fame,
Who is versed in the works of "Le Conte,"
And 'tis said by the wise that he came to the same
From the Green Mountain State of Vermont.

He is down upon "license," and museum shows,
And whistling off-times in the halls,
And everything else that's exciting, you know—
Cards, bonfires, processions and balls.

And the Faculty all are in harmony quite,
And love in each bosom doth glow,
And they ne'er give the students more work than is right,
And they hope that Athletics will grow.

They always mark fair and invite you to call,
And they shine in high *charity's* light;
They subscribe *all you ask* to the fund for baseball,
And sign all excuses at sight.

And there came to this school in the year '85,
In hope, its great blessings to share,
Some sixty odd students with visages sad,
And a tendency upward of hair.

They struggled with angles and clinched with adverbs,
 But they wrestled in vain against fate,
For of all that vast throng just thirty-two men
 Could have hope for the year Eighty-Eight.

But that was enough for such genius before,
 Ere the sun in the blue heaven came,
With overalls new and towels pure white,
 Ne'er marched to that temple of fame.

In praise of their wood-work our words ever fail,
 For their dove-tails never were loose,
And the "clamp" was seldom if ever required,
 While the glue-pot fell into disuse.

When Badger was absent they never ceased work,
 Nor loitered about in the hall,
Nor vanished aloft when the boss was away,
 And whistled through holes in the wall.

They ne'er caused the awls in the ceiling to stick,
 Nor bridged up the aisles with clamps,
And then always regretted when Badger was sick,
 And rushed for his home with the cramps.

When the old gong for the chapel would ring,
 And they sought inspiration in prayers,
No pennies were matched to see who'd moved a bench,
 As they noiselessly crept down the stairs.

In the drawing-room silence ere reigned supreme,
 And the sphere on the floor was ne'er rolled,
Nor the gas turned on, till it went with a scream,
 Nor the frogs left out in the cold.

For bald Hercules they soon found a hat,
 And for modesty, Venus was dress'd,
And in order that nature and art might conform,
 They tinted Diana's fair breast.

In sketching they made a most brilliant success,
In "converging" acquired great skill,
For they worked on the roads whose vanishing point
Lies up at the old cider-mill.

To the Faculty's joy they abjured out-door sports,
And on studies their energies bent;
But when field day arrived they were there all the same,
And walked off with just eighty per-cent.

And after the supper, in Victory's name,
As the stars were but faint in the sky,
Each man with a barrel ascended the hill
Where the cheery flame mounted on high.

And the Faculty, kind, in view of the fact
That they could not the culprits detect,
Evaded the matter by reading the law
And the punishment each might expect.

The notes of each "Civil," all platted true,
Each "Chemist" was sound on his "base,"
The "Mechanics" could name every "dog" in the shop,
And returned every tool to its place.

And every six months when the marks were made up
The Profs at the hall were perplexed,
For when they had named the first man in the class
They couldn't decide on the next.

Each man was quite perfect—no need to explain—
And for once the Profs were knocked flat,
Till the brightest among them decided their rank
By drawing their names from a hat.

And now, this eve, with your humblest of bards
Let each to the brim fill his glass,
And rejoice with a will that as one of the boys
You can drink to this wonderful class.

You ask of my muse a song to-night,
The maiden coy I would woo,
Blushing and dimpled she hideth from sight,
Nor helpeth me half the way through.

Shall I sing thee a song while dimly afar
Only cloud-capped peaks arise?
To the half-way stone bring the victor's palm,
Or the laurels yeomen prize?

The robin and blue-bird must twice pipe loud,
Filling blossoming orchards with glee,
Ere the "help" we teachers and students invoke,
Be mightily answered for thee.

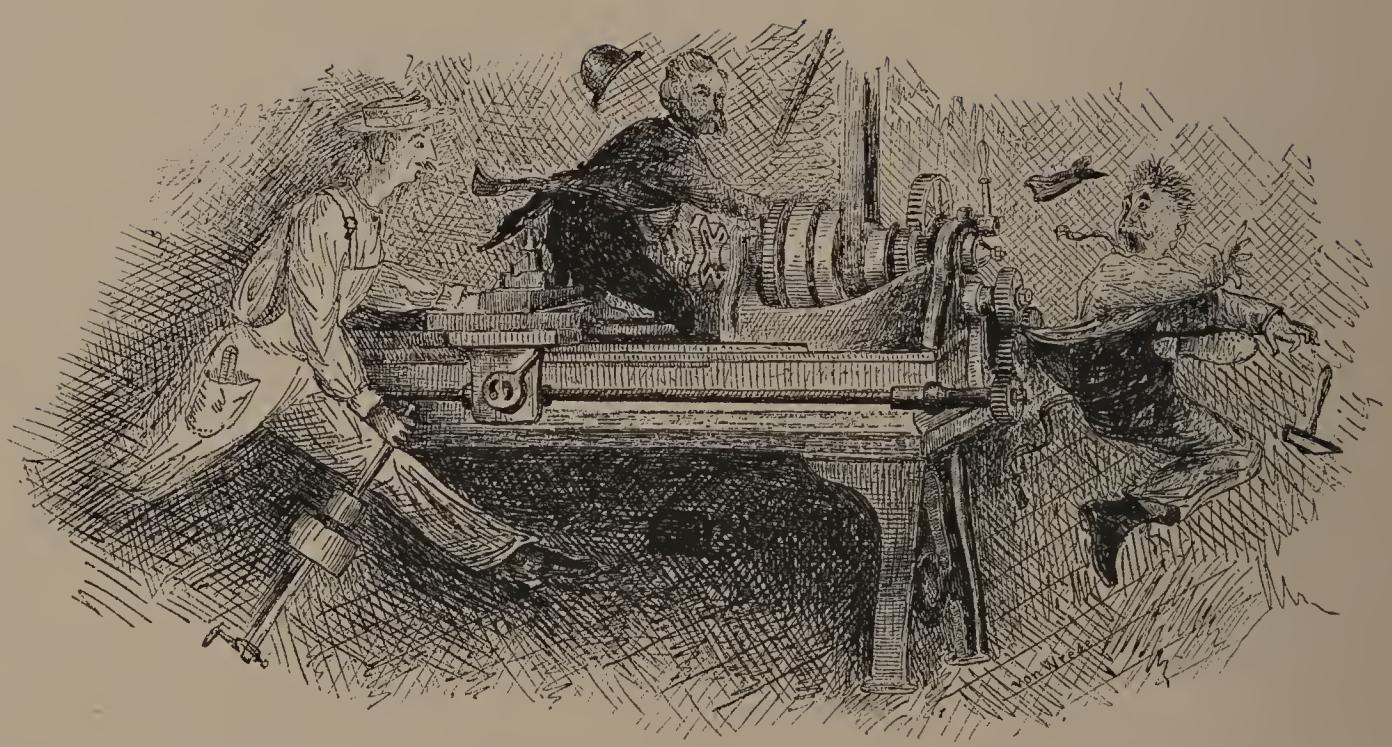
Hast buried Descriptive and Chauvenet
And parted with chemistry quite?
Does "practice" not daunt thee and quavering "Deutsch"
Fill thy blossoming soul with delight?

Look well to thy footsteps, the race e'en the swift,
The battle, the strong, yet may rue;
Remember the chickens that never were hatched,
The failures just half way through.

Under the snowflakes the mosses are green,
Fast ice-bound the stream ripples still;
So living, electric, hopeful aye—*sure*—
Obey we the might of the will.

Shall we cringe to a fear or hide under ban
Of the doubt lest the way be too long?
Nay, fill up the beaker, drink to the hope
And start for the goal with a song.

To the unknown we sing—the doing to be—
To friendships that brighten the way;
The best lieth nearest—we drink to the best—
And the strength it shall equal the day.



THE MECHANICS.

AS the last stars were fading from the sky on the morning of the fifth of February, 1885, thirty-two confident youths, with the dew of sweet sleep resting upon their eyes, assembled in the wood-room of the Washburn Shops. With light hearts we donned our new and fragrant uniforms and began our practice, blissfully ignorant of the midnight oil awaiting our lamps.

Soon after our entrance we were confidentially informed that the Faculty had great hopes of us, and that ours was the best class in free-hand drawing that had ever entered the Tech. We did not know, then, that the same fulsome praise has been bestowed upon each preceding class, yet we were not surprised at the announcement, for we regarded our superiority as self-evident. Three continents and five countries had sent their representatives, and there were many among us who were destined to wield a powerful influence in Technical circles.

The weeks passed quickly, and when the April recess came we had learned the true art of wood-working, or, at least, as much of it as most of us ever learned. After the two weeks' recess, during which we were again able to indulge in the luxury of a morning nap, we returned to find that the windows overlooking Bliss Field offered us more attractions than our benches, and it often happened during the Spring that not a sound would be heard in the room save the low hum of conversation and the busy hammer of some one working for himself. Like our predecessors, we experimented with the saws and planers, and, like them, we shall always remember the result.

When we returned in the Fall we found, among the many new members of our class, eight of a mechanical turn of mind who were

going to replace those who had already dropped from the race. Nothing of particular importance occurred during our Junior year, except that, owing to repeated assaults by the enemy, six of our members deserted and three were discharged.

In our Middle year we were put upon a better class of work, and, laboring with commendable industry, turned out more than ever before or since. We thus maintained the reputation, which the Middlers have always borne, of working harder than any other class. The monotony of our labor, however, was varied by one or two exciting events. Some of our members acquired the habit of providing themselves with fruit and other eatables, which the remainder of the fellows, believing that stolen fruit was the sweetest, found means for spiriting away. One afternoon a fig with fair, plump cheeks was temptingly displayed, and, of course, soon disappeared. But the biter was bitten, for the fig was medicated, and although many longing glances were cast at bulging pockets, none dared appropriate the contents.

In the Spring of this year we were doomed to a bitter disappointment. When the Preps appeared we expected that they would furnish us with towels and lunches, for as Preps ourselves, we had cheerfully (?) provided these requisites for the upper class men; but a writing on the wall announced that our friend "George" had been appointed "Inspector-general of the Wash-room," and declared that henceforth the opening of another man's drawer would be considered a felony.

We began our Senior year with a force of twenty-one men which was less than one-half the number that had at various times hoped to graduate with the Mechanical Engineers of Eighty-Eight. We now discovered the fallacy of the Catalogue statement that "the Senior Classs builds one or more complete machines from their own drawings." We finished a Cabinet Lathe begun by our immediate predecessors.

As we look back over the past years we remember some things that are unpleasant, and we see opportunities for improvement, yet there are none who do not recognize that our practice has been a most valuable accompaniment to our theoretical instruction.

TO

Q^{UI} T^{IMEANT} V^{IRTUTEM.}

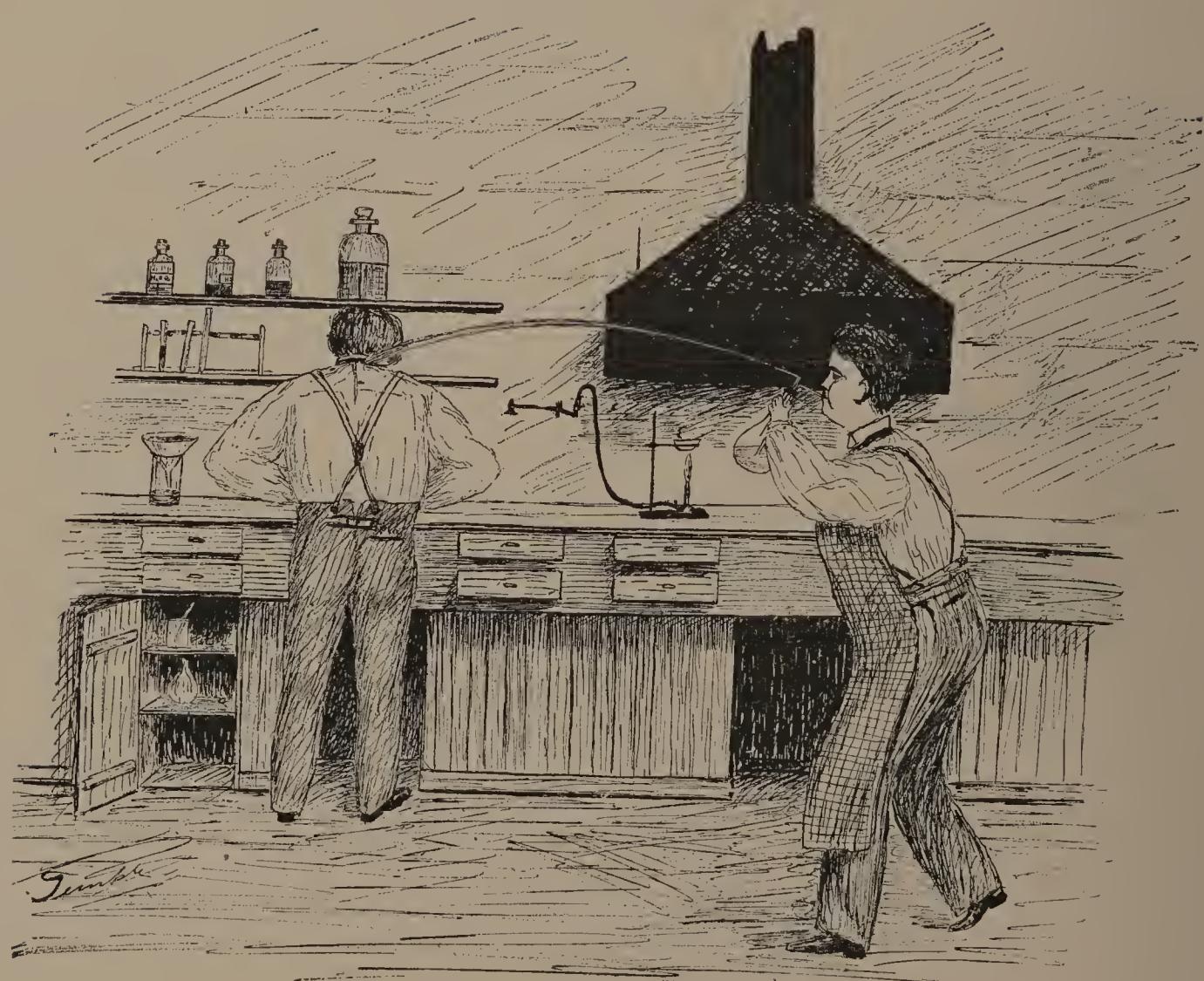
While Eighty-Eight was working hard
At calculus and analyt,
Each man received a little card
Which gratified him quite a bit.

For it informed the joyful youth
His worth had made his friends agree,
By a vote unanimous, in sooth,
To choose him one of the Q. T. V.

He shows the card to his chum at prayers,
His chum shows him a similar one,
Then each at the other wondering stares
Suspecting some of the Seniors' fun.

In short, it soon appeared the class,
With one or two left out, perchance,
Had been elected in a mass,
The Q. T. V's fame to enhance.

But the Thompson Club they all preferred,
And open sessions to secret joys ;
An Eighty-Eight man is a missing bird
Among the Q. T. V's small boys.



THE CHEMISTS.



better," in chemical parlance, we have resisted all further decomposition. Now that we have arrived safe at the end and meet smilingly the final test which is to break us up forever and send us out into the world to enter into new combinations, we find ourselves, in more ways than one, capable of analysis.

We are clever—some of us; good looking—most of us, and thoroughly good fellows—all of us. Indeed, our instructors, who have been most intimately acquainted with us for the past three years, have failed to discover that we have a fault, unless it be that we invariably forget to return, for the time being, books taken out of the Chemical Library. There are other things that might be recorded that would reflect much credit upon us, but modesty compels me to desist.

Our recollections of our Junior year are a little clouded—they really couldn't help being, for no Junior Class has ever equaled us,

E are hexatomic, "or, in other words," we constitute a molecule composed of six atoms. There were eight atoms when the career of our molecule began in the autumn of '85, but a reducing agent was added and two went off on a side chain for a change of air. Six, then, we became and six we have remained, "or

or ever will equal us, in raising voluminous clouds of fumes, of divers densities, colors and odors. This may seem strange, but let me tell you that I have heard it whispered that a certain little atom discovered the receipt *par excellence* for invoking these imitation London fogs, which he made use of for enveloping himself in, like a Genii in the "Arabian Nights"—this being simply an ingenious method of enabling himself to enjoy the delicious, though contraband, cigarette.

When we reached the dignity of the Middle Class, it was that we began to be initiated into the higher mysteries of chemical science. We broke the record of all previous classes by omitting to dissolve a part of the balance-pans in H_2SO_4 . Then we learned how to cook; we cooked chestnuts in the laboratory; we cooked Chemical Philosophy (only the initiated will understand this joke), and we learned how to cook results—only we never had a chance to practice this, because our results always came out well. Besides at cooking, we became adepts at kicking. We kicked against Descriptive Drawing, Mechanics, Thermo and Theses, and in nearly every trial we kicked a goal. In this way, we, the Chemists of Eighty-Eight have endeared ourselves to many of the Professors, who have taken pains to assure us that we will never be forgotten. It is pleasant to reflect that we have left footprints behind us which future classes can look at, and, as they flounder hopelessly in the toils of Descriptive and Cam-motions, think of the great men who have preceded them.

At last we became Seniors and arrived at the point where all students begin to appreciate how little they know and how much there is to learn; so we started in to learn it. The great question in our minds now is, what didn't we learn? In the laboratory we analyzed every substance known to mortal man, from beer to fertilizer; in short, to quote the words of a mighty authority, we performed "the work commonly done by the public analyst." I may add that the public analyst has our sincerest sympathy, if he is still alive. Then, in Organic Chemistry we learned how to manufacture sugar and alcoholic beverages and all sorts of nice things, out of old shirts or cast-off waistcoats, etc. We console ourselves with the thought that though a chemist may become

impoverished, he need not starve while his old clothes hold out. Besides this, we picked up such useful little scraps of information as that *ethylenedenedicarboxylicacid* or better in other words *isosuccinic acid* is made by heating *alphanonocyanpropionicacid* with an alkali. We have always found this an interesting little fact to remember. Whenever we feel our tempers rising, rather than do anything hasty, which we might always repent, we pause and repeat this to ourselves. The result is, we never get mad; we go crazy.

Still other things, and of other sorts than the above, we learned, as, for instance, that the Institute could supply its students in Chemistry with apparatus and chemicals, but that it could not supply them with brains. This must be construed as being strictly a grind upon the students, and not upon the Institute.

Enough of our learning. Were it all to be put on record it would eclipse the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and that is not our object at present. I must speak of our quartette—the famous “Laboratory Quartette.” It was indeed a memorable one. No one who ever heard us sing will ever forget it. O, thou immortal Terpsichore! goddess of all sweet entrancing sounds! how often have we set thee a-musing on the capabilities of mere human clay! What must thy feelings have been as, week after week and month after month, that same little atom piped out in plaintive wail one line of:

“Get away from that window, my love ;”

which never failed to awaken a gruff echo, consisting of—

“Oh, dear, I am in love—

That you plainly can see,”

and these followed by “The Old Oaken Bucket,” in grand and stirring chorus.

But enough—enough of our learning, our talents and our deeds. The Chemists’ Corner of the “Log” of the great Class of Eighty-Eight is nearly filled, and there is room for only a few words more. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking our instructors, with whom we have been so pleasantly associated in the laboratory through the past three years, for we have always found them kindly courteous, gentlemen—ever ready to guide, counsel and assist.

And now, Chemists of the Class of Eighty-Eight, let us bend our heads in reverence while our common benediction is pronounced. The molecule—which has been so stable through these years is about to be disintegrated ; we, the atoms, are about to go out and begin the great struggle of life. Some of us may achieve fame, some nothing, but never will come the time when all of us will not look back to *Alma Mater*, saying : “ Dear mother, thou hast taught us much, and for that, if for nothing else, receive our gratitude ”



A SOUVENIR.

"WHAT'S in a hairpin?" my chum remarked,
While he honored my den with a call,
And gazed with an air of superior worth
At a trophy that hung on the wall.

"Dear boy," I replied, "pray, once in a while
Get away from your practical things
And remember what poets have said of a flower:
'The eye sees in it what the eye brings.'

"That hairpin, for instance, recalls Nature's work
In forming the iron in the earth,
And the wondrous processes man has evolved
For developing fully its worth."

"Come off!" was the classic reply I received,—
For such effort much better was due;
But one of my virtues is, not to give up,
So I ventured to try it anew:

"By your leave, my dear Jack, I will frankly confess
There's not much in a hairpin that's fair;
But then I recall that once it confined
A lock of such beautiful hair.

"And then I remember the glance I received,
And that smile fit for Goddess of Love,
As she handed that hairpin over to me
When I offered to button her glove."

"That, my dear boy's what I wanted to know,"
He replied with a heartiest laugh,
And remarked as he handed a hairpin to me:
"I think that mine beats it by half."



THE CIVILS.

WHEN the second term of the Junior Year opened, it was found that six members of Division C had resolved to try their fortune in the department of Civil Engineering. Prof. White and Gillespie's *surveying* welcomed us and we began our school-life as Civils. After studying our text-books, from which we may possibly have learned something, and platting the different fields and farms of Wayback, in which work we acquired considerable skill in the noble art of fudging, the class was sent out to survey the fields near the school. We were soon taught that surveying was not picnicing, and that there is little fun in holding the end of a tape on a cold April morning. By carefully avoiding overwork, and aided by enough cigarettes to keep off the malaria, we managed to tide over this dismal period.

When summer came and the dicky birds were singing up in the trees and the little muckers were playing ball in the streets (undergraduates will be able to employ similar beautiful figures after their course in English), the Civils of Eighty-Eight began their famous survey of Salisbury Pond. Previously they ran out the line of the Jo Bill Road, but trifling inaccuracies occurred, owing to the deflection of the needle toward the $C_2 H_6 O + H_2 O$ on Park Avenue. This road is very old; in fact, it is part of the old post-road from Boston to Springfield, and its age probably prevents its magnetic variation from being up to the modern amount, as given by the Coast Survey. Certainly it is so old that benevolent people forbid the addition of the usual but burdensome *e* to the *Jo* in its name.

The survey of Salisbury Pond was begun one hot June afternoon. A base line, not a ninety foot one, was laid out and measured. This work was so arduous that we concluded to rest until the next morning before beginning the triangles, especially since the Head-Transitman protested against being obliged to use his delicate instruments in the broiling sun. The Commissary reported some of the stores as bad, and that when the wilderness was reached we would be obliged to depend upon game to a great extent. So we began practice in foraging by spearing frogs. The Professor soon appeared and we sprang to our places and saluted as he came up. He also began spearing and our hearts were touched at the skill he showed, but then, he had four years' training. The survey began in earnest next morning and was continued for about three weeks. During this time we saw many wonderful sights. The Naturalist of the expedition found two new species of fish in the pond. All of the specimens were dead when procured, but they were evidently of the genera *Canis* and *Felis*. On the east shore of the pond are the wigwams of the natives. These savages live in very crowded communities, and the air about their villages is filled with the perfume of their national beverages. This survey and the subsequent cooking of the notes took the rest of the Junior Year.

In the first term of the Middle Year we made a topographical survey of the school grounds. We were joined by a member from Chicago and deserted by our friend from Brazil at the beginning of this term. During the pleasant weather of the fall of '86 the unpleasant work of cross-sectioning was continued. By judiciously overlooking all serious difficulties on the ground we were able to finish this survey very early in the season. Map-drawing and the study of *Henck* then began. At the beginning of the second term our Brooklyn representative decided to show the Civils how the Mechanics worked.

As soon as the weather permitted we began the survey of a mile of railroad. Every man soon became an adept in handling a crow-bar, and we had considerable practice in winter work with transit and level. The glare of the sun painted our faces an elegant red, and traces of this color still prevent some of the class from being accepted in temperance unions. As the weather grew more

mild the work became easier, and very soon we all came to look forward to our practice days as the most pleasant in the week. The class was divided and the divisions worked at different places on the line. The Professor went into the field with the class and spent about half his time with each party, leaving the other to work by itself. Thus we were enabled to take plenty of rest and approached the envied state of our Mechanics whose life was proverbially easy.

The whole of the Senior Year was devoted to a study of the stresses in roofs and bridges and the designing of such structures. The work was enjoyed by most of the division, and the progress made was satisfactory to the Professor and the class. The study was varied by recitations based on Gilmore's *Roads*, and *Civil Engineering*, by Mahan.

Looking back over the course, the least satisfactory part was in the Junior Year, and there is some doubt in the class as to the topography, more time being allotted to it than seems justifiable. In the Senior Year the ground to be covered was so great that the work was not as thorough as would have been the case with a four-year course. So much for fault-finding. On the other hand we have never doubted that the Professor of Civil Engineering was doing his best for us, which knowledge always stimulates a student to do good work.

Y^E SENIOR TO Y^E PREP.

HAPPY, careless, playful lad,
Gladly did I greet you here,
Rejoicing in your smiling face,
Which full of hope, and youth and grace,
Brought promise for the new-born year.
My soul with sympathy was stirred
To see how brisk you'd mount each step,
For though you'll scarce believe it now,
I, myself, was once a Prep.

It made old times return again
To see you in the court below,
Where, fearless of the Doctor's rules,
You'd pelt the Juniors sad with snow ;
In jumpers clean you seemed to bring
A promise of an early Spring.
I know you'll scarce believe it true,
But an Eighty-Seven man can tell
Of a ball I aimed once fairly well.

It brought back scenes of long ago
To hear your tread upon the stairs,
As, several minutes after time,
You hastened to the morning prayers.
It filled my soul with old-time glee
To hear you move that old settee—
A Senior 'twas that they expelled—
It's just three years ago to-day,—
I moved that bench the self-same way.

Ah ! well could I your thoughts detect,
As passing me upon the street
You saw that maiden radiant smile
And nod to me with glance discreet.
How well I knew old Envy's lance
Was sharpened by that kindly glance ;
But keep up courage, don't be rash,
Three years ago—why, let me see—
I think I hadn't a moustache.

'Twas Friday night I saw you pass
And turn the corner of the street,
To cold Zahonyi's famed retreat.
That girlish form, I sure can tell ;
That bonnet blue, I know it well.
Her favorite dish was orange ice ;
Chocolat Éclair was also nice ;
I think the bill was a dollar ten :
I claimed three kisses, too, in pay—
Ah ! would we could be young alway !

Blessings on ye, happy Prep,
All dreams of Deutsch and Chauvenet,
Banished be they from your way :
Banish also to the Styx
All thoughts of being in the "six :"
May honor and fame then be your fate
When you stand in the shoes of Eighty-Eight.
As our exalted place you view,
You may lose hope of such survey ;—
I lost hope, too, full many a day.



W. P. I. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

F. W. SPEIRS , '88,	- - - -	PRESIDENT.
A. P. ALLEN , '89,	- . - -	VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. G. PENNIMAN , '89,	- - - -	SECRETARY.
E. J. LAKE , '90,	- - - -	TREASURER.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J. B. CHITTENDEN , '88,	- - -	CHAIRMAN.
R. L. LOVELL , '88,	- - -	SECRETARY.
S. BARTLETT, '89,		E. G. PENNIMAN, '89.
H. P. CROSBY '90		E. J. LAKE. '90.
H. L. DADMUN , '91		F. E. BRADFORD, '91.

ATHLETICS.

SINCE the advent of the Class of Eighty-Eight, the history of the Institute in connection with athletics has been one of rapid growth and of almost unbroken success. The events and the records of our field-meetings have been changed from those befitting an academy to those which gained for us admission into the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association. The Tennis Club has been roused from a state of passive existence, and its tournaments have brought forth players of more than ordinary ability. Interest in baseball has not been very active during our course, yet the one team which we have had, defeated our old rivals, the Boston Techs. But any lack of interest in the National game has been more than overbalanced by the enthusiasm which our football men have aroused for their favorite sport.

Under the fostering care of our class the standard of our athletics was raised so high, that in the Fall of our Senior year it was seen that the Institute records compared favorably with those of the New England colleges. It was voted to apply for admission to the New England Association, and our application was granted. At the second annual meeting, held in Worcester, we won two first and four second prizes. Taking into consideration the fact that it was our first appearance, and that our men lacked the advantages of a college gymnasium and of systematic training, we have no reason to feel otherwise than encouraged by the result of the meeting.

While the prospect of the Institute is bright, the history of Eighty-Eight in athletics is not less so. Our success in the field began with our Junior year, for as Preps, not only did we fail to win a prize at the Spring Meeting, but we were ingloriously defeated at baseball by Eighty-Seven. In the Fall of our Junior year we obtained our first prize through Jewett, who broke the record in the running broad jump, and who has performed the same feat at each

successive meeting. From that time we have taken the lead at every Field Day, and in our Middle year, even went so far as to appropriate eighty-one per cent. of the first prizes.

At the six meetings in which we have taken part, Jewett has broken seven records, Chadwick five, Camp two, and Speirs three, Doon two, and Cushman, Marshall and Patterson one each—a total of twenty-two. Altogether, our athletes have won fifty-six first and thirty-nine second prizes, and as we leave the Institute we are the possessors of nine records which succeeding classes will find hard to surpass, and which compare favorably with the college records.

In the Fall of '86 the Seniors and Juniors boasted that if they could not defeat the Middlers in general athletics they would win from them the championship in the series of class football games. But Eighty-Eight easily defeated, first the Seniors, and then the Juniors. Eighty-Nine, however, was not satisfied, and in a characteristic manner loudly proclaimed her ability to beat us, if not by fair means, by foul. The Seniors said nothing, but prepared for the battle. When the game was half over, the Middlers became desperate and resorted to brute force. Our eleven had instructions to meet every one half way, and in three short, sharp "scrimmages" as many Eighty-Nine men were stretched upon the ground. Then they tossed up the sponge, and never again did any one express a doubt as to our ability on the football field. After an easy victory over Ninety, an Institute team, including five Eighty-Eight men, was organized, which was never obliged to "line up" on its own goal-line.

As we leave the Institute we realize, more fully than ever before, that it is the enterprise of the undergraduates which has promoted the growth of athletics and which has overcome almost insurmountable difficulties; and we recognize that to have our students mingle in friendly contests with the students of the colleges is a positive advantage to the Institute, as it raises it in the eyes of the community above the plane of the mere manual training school, and places it on a level with the higher institutions of learning. We hope that the day is not far distant when another building shall be erected here, and from which our students shall go forth into the world with sound bodies.



HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO.,

THE ELEVEN. SEASON OF 1887.

GEORGE, '89. ALLEN, '89.

PATTERSON, '88.

WHITE, '89.

JEWETT, '88.

CUSHMAN, '88.

RICE, '88.

CAMP, '88.

BOSTON, MASS.

BROWN, '89.

GILBERT, '89.

PENNIMAN, '89.

BARTLETT, '89.

FOOTBALL.

SEASON OF '87.

THE TECH ELEVEN.

GEORGE. ALLEN. GILBERT. Camp. BROWN. BARTLETT. Jewett.

Rice.

Cushman.

Patterson.

WHITE, (Captain.)

Substitutes.

HARTWELL.

McFadden.

Goodell.

AFTER the dismal failure of the football team for the season of '86, it seemed as though there was little hope of putting a good eleven in the field in '87. At the close of the class games, in which Eighty-Eight won first place, it was evident that there were many good men in the school and that an eleven might be formed which would be a credit to the Tech. Mr. W. T. White was elected captain and training began. The team was well coached from the outset, particular care being bestowed on the rush line. Half-back play was left to the care of Eighty-Eight's champion "halfs," Cushman and Patterson.

On the 15th of October the season was opened by a game with our friends at the Academy, who were defeated to the tune of 68 to 0—much to their own disgust and that of their Principal. On the 22d of the same month, eight men of the regular team and three substitutes did up the Gentlemen of England, the score being 52 to 0. The next week the eleven visited Southboro, and scored 28

points to St. Mark's 0. The Amherst Agricultural College team came to Worcester November 5th, and gave the Techs a deal of trouble. "Tommy" failed to "come along" as fast as the Aggies wanted, and Cushman's sure tackling did much to give the game to Worcester—score 12 to 0. November 19th the Harvard Freshmen gave our team a hard game. The ground was muddy and rain fell during the whole hour. Neither side scored during the first half, but in the second, Patterson made a fine dash and brought the ball nearly up to Harvard's goal-line, and a few minutes later carried it over and made a touch-down. But within five minutes Harvard also made a touch-down from one of their full-back's long punts and thus tied the score, making it 4 to 4. The game belonged to Worcester, as play was continued at least a minute and a half longer than it should have been, and Harvard scored only a few seconds before time was called.

For a season that opened poorly, the success was remarkable. Although five of the eleven leave the school with the Class of Eighty-Eight, there yet remains plenty of good material, and by beginning early and paying strict attention to Captain White's directions, there is no doubt that the men on the next team will uphold the school's reputation.



J. H. JENKINS, '88,
C. F. TREADWAY, '90,
C. F. WHITTEMORE, '91,

PRESIDENT.
VICE-PRESIDENT.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

IT is with pardonable pride that our class compares the condition of the Tennis Association as it now is with what it was when we entered the Institute. From a weakly organization, having only a nominal existence, owning neither nets nor balls, it has become the vigorous association of the present, with a membership of over thirty. At the very beginning of the Prep Year the individual exertions of several of our men, aided by a generous support of the class, succeeded in awakening an interest in Tennis and in giving it a fresh impetus at the Tech. Our efforts were furthered by the generosity of Mr. Landsing, '87, in his presenting to the Tennis Association a solid silver cup and platter of exquisite Chinese workmanship. By the terms of the gift the cup is to be held by the winner in the singles and is to be retained by him only so long as he is the successful competitor.

While the Class of Eighty-Eight has always taken a prominent part in athletics, and has been represented in nearly every event on field days, yet it is in Tennis that she has achieved the most signal success. Were it not for the fact that the second place in the doubles, last year, was won by an Eighty-Eight and an Eighty-Nine man (although the latter belonged formerly to Eighty-Eight) our otherwise splendid record would have been perfect. With the above exception, every prize, both first and second, and for both singles and doubles, was won by an Eighty-Eight man. A record so excellent will bear recapitulation in tabulated form.

SINGLES.	DOUBLES.
Tournament, Fall, 1885. First, Myers, '88. Second, Nelson, '88.	Kimball, '88; Nelson, '88. Myers, '88; Chittenden, '88.
Tournament, Fall, 1886. First, Cushman, '88. Second, Nelson, '88.	Myers, '88; Nelson, '88. Chittenden, '88; Chadwick, '88.
Tournament, Fall, 1887. First, Myers, '88. Second, Chadwick, '88.	Chittenden, '88; Chadwick, '88. Myers, '88; Nelson, '89.

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS.

							First Prizes.	Second Prizes.	Total.	Records Broken.
CAMP,	-	-	-	-	-	-	9	4	13	2
CHADWICK,	-	-	-	-	-	-	11	6	17	5
CHITTENDEN,	-	-	-	-	-	-		1	1	
CUSHMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	2	6	1
DOON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	1	5	2
DUNCAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-		1	1	
FERRY,	-	-	-	-	-	-		1	1	
FRARY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2	4	
GRIFFIN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	7	3	10	
HUNTING,	-	-	-	-	-	-		2	2	
JEWETT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	9	1	10	7
KIMBALL,	-	-	-	-	-	-		1	1	
LOVELL,	-	-	-	-	-	-		2	2	
MARDEN,	-	-	-	-	-	-		1	1	
MARSHALL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2	4	1
PATTERSON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	3	6	1
PAUL,	-	-	-	-	-	-		1	1	
RICE,	-	-	-	-	-	-		1	1	
ROCKWOOD,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	3	
SPEIRS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	2	5	3
VON WREDE,	-	-	-	-	-	-		1	1	
TOTAL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	56	39	95	22

EIGHTY-EIGHT'S FOOTBALL TEAM.

JEWETT. LOVELL. CHADWICK. CAMP. MCFADDEN. FRARY. GOODELL.
RICE.

CUSHMAN (Captain).

PATTERSON.

PAUL,

EIGHTY-EIGHT'S BASEBALL TEAM.

JEWETT (Captain).

HUNTING.

FERRY.

CHADWICK.

CUSHMAN.

WARREN.

PAUL.

GRIFFIN.

PATTERSON.

POLYTECHNIC RECORDS.

COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE N. E. INTERCOLLEGIATE
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Holders of Tech Records.	Time or Distance.	N. E. I. A. A. Record.	Time or Distance.
100 Yards Dash.			
FULLER, '84,	10 3-5 sec.	Dartmouth,	10 3-5 sec.
220 Yards Dash.			
ALLEN, '89,	23 3-4 sec.	Polytechnic,	23 3-4 sec.
440 Yards Dash.			
MILLS, '89,	54 1-2 sec.	Dartmouth,	53 sec.
Half-Mile Run.			
WHITE, '90,	2 min. 11 1-2 sec.	Dartmouth,	2 min. 3 2-5 sec.
One-Mile Run.			
BARTLETT, '89,	5 min. 1 sec.	Amherst,	4 min. 39 sec.
Two-Mile Run.			
		Dartmouth,	10 min. 24 4-5 sec.
120 Yards Hurdle Race (3-foot hurdles).			
CHADWICK, '88,	18 sec.		
120 Yards Hurdle Race (3 1-2-foot hurdles).			
DADMUN, '91,	19 sec.	Dartmouth,	18 2-5 sec.

Holders of Tech Records.	Time or Distance.	N. E. I. A. A. Record.	Time or Distance.
One-Mile Walk.			
BRADFORD, '91,	8 min. 14 sec.	Polytechnic,	8 min. 14 sec.
Half-Mile Bicycle Race.			
SPEIRS, '88,	1 min. 27 sec.		
One-Mile Bicycle Race.			
MATHEWSON, '90,	3 min.		
Two-Mile Bicycle Race.			
HARRIMAN, '89,	6 min. 51 sec.	Amherst.	6 min. 51 sec.
Standing Broad Jump.			
CHADWICK, '88,	10 feet 4 ins.	Williams,	10 feet 5 7-8 ins.
Running Broad Jump.			
JEWETT, '88,	21 feet 2 1-2 ins.	Amherst,	20 feet 2 1-4 ins.
Standing High Jump.			
CHADWICK, '88,	4 feet 6 1-2 ins.	Williams,	4 feet 11 3-4 ins.
Running High Jump.			
CHADWICK, '88,	5 feet 2 ins.	Amherst,	5 feet 6 ins.
Hop-Step-and-Jump.			
JEWETT, '88,	42 feet 8 2-5 ins.		
Putting 16-Pound Shot.			
CAMP, '88,	30 feet 4 ins.	Dartmouth,	33 feet 1 in.
Throwing 16-Pound Hammer.			
CAMP, '88,	72 feet 5 ins.	Dartmouth,	82 feet 9 1-4 ins.
Pole Vault.			
MARSHALL, '89,	9 feet 6 ins.	Amherst,	9 feet 7 ins.
Throwing Baseball.			
JORDAN, '82,	361 feet 8 ins.	Williams,	356 feet.
High Kick.			
PINNEY, '86,	8 feet 6 3-8 ins.		



LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

IT was a glorious day for the Class of Eighty-Eight. Seven first prizes captured from the confident and expectant Eighty-Six men, and five of these school records, out of a total of seven, was sufficient to inspire the most unenthusiastic man in the class. "We have met the enemy and they are ours;" but such an overwhelming victory was deserving of some more fitting celebration.

A supper was soon decided upon, and at an early hour on the evening of May 15, 1886, more than two-thirds of the class

assembled at caterer Rebboli's with an avowed determination to have a good time. The delicacies placed before them vanished with more than ordinary alacrity, and the conversation was animated. For a moment there was a pause, when a member, seated at the head of the table, arose, and in subdued but audible tones made the following proposition: "I say, boys, let's have a bonfire; if each man of us can get a barrel and take it up to Tech Hill, we'll make Rome howl before morning—you just wait till I run across the street to see if I can't find some flour-barrels." Three members depart in search of barrels.

The thought of having a real, live, hot bonfire was too much for the *timid* mind to grasp on the spur of the moment. "What if we should get caught?" "Who's going to catch us?" ventured one of the braver spirits. "The Faculty will be sure to find out who were in it." "The Faculty be —— hello! here they come." "Boys we can get all the barrels we want right across the way, for ten cents a piece—we can skip out the back way through Post-Office Alley and up Elm Street, without anybody's seeing us; we'll have all Boynton Street illuminated before midnight."

Enough said; the dining hall was soon deserted, and in a very short time the supply of barrels in the neighborhood began to diminish very appreciably. The grocer smiled a self-satisfied smile as he handed them out, one by one, and saw them vanish through the back door. Up Elm Street and into West, and no police.

As they turned the corner, thump, and in went the first barrel-head. Bridget, leaning on the tremulous arm of her lover, was heard to remark as she passed by: "Faith, yers needn't be sceered, Jim, it's only the blarsted Techs up to some divilish trick." Thump, and in went another head—



then another--then for a few moments all was quiet. The advance had now reached Highland Street and was waiting for the delinquents. The latter soon arrived and the procession proceeded up West Street. Vivid was the imagination of ye Eighty-Eight man as he cautiously wended his way Techward. Every member of the Faculty rose up before him, and vanished only to give place to some imaginary policeman or tramp. Soon the Jo Bill was reached, that safe of all safe retreats, and from this point spies were sent out in three different directions to ascertain and announce any approaching danger.

The coast was pronounced clear, and as the gong in the clock-tower was sounding the hour of eleven, and just as the dim light in Boynton Hall had shed its last ray upon the weary and unsuspecting monitor, that illustrious band of Eighty-Eight men marched noiselessly up the hill, deposited their barrels in the roadway and proceeded immediately to celebrate. Soon the dingy walls of Boynton Hall were illuminated as they had never been before. Red lights shot up here and there, adding special grandeur to the occasion. Rah!—Rah!—Rah!—T-e-c-h—Hurrah! The deed was done—but where were the perpetrators? It has been rumored that they were somewhere near by, taking in the fun, presumably just across West Street, in Bliss field. Several men said that they saw ghosts hovering about the conflagration, and others were rash enough to say that it was certain members of the Faculty, and B—rke "*im Ritterskleidung.*"

The three men summoned before the tribunal of justice the following Monday, although they had not participated in the fun, seem to have given so satisfactory an explanation of it to "that august



body" that the men interested in the affair have never been questioned concerning it. It is thought highly probable that they advised a public reading of the law, for a ponderous, shelf-worn and dust-covered manual appeared in chapel, and from beneath its heavy leathern covers there came words which fairly made our hair stand; but fortunately they were words only.

Another "dead letter" disposed of, and Eighty-Eight proceeded on her career of fame.



ELECTION RETURNS, NOV., 1886.

IT was only an ordinary State election in the fall of '86, yet the boys, in emulation of their many illustrious predecessors, were doing their best to keep things lively in the howling mob which thronged the street in front of the *Spy* office. But the crowd was a peaceable one, and the Doctor had gone home early, so, after vainly trying to get into a row with everybody in general and nobody in particular, the boys left for fields anew.

The eleventh and last stroke of the tower resonator had just died away, the Doctor was presumably communing with the spirits of his fathers, and the north-east vane on the tower had just—"Whoa, Buckskin!" sounded in a theatrical whisper, as that superannuated and historic animal received a terrible prod from some hidden source. Absolute silence for a few moments, as Buckskin gave a slight whinny of recognition, and then, "Here, hand me that cushion, leave those whips up there in the corner, and that robe, just jam it under the seat." The wheels rolled smoothly along the floor, the doors grated a little as they slid into place, and all was still again Then,—

Nothing was heard in the quadrangle but the hurrying feet of the rascals,
Dragging and pushing the buggies adown the steep bank to the roadway.

"Kick off that lower board, will you?" Crash, went the last remnant of the fence, and the two battered chariots representing the wealth and dignity of the Washburn Machine Shop rolled on toward the home-plate of the base-ball diamond in Bliss' field. Over they went toward the Jo Bill road, down on the other side of the knoll, and finally halted far over by the stone wall. "Now, boys,—one, two, three,—heave! Over she goes!" and one of the aforesaid chariots was

left in the solitude of the Jo Bill wilderness, to excite the curiosity of the occasional straggler along that unfrequented highway. Its companion, after an uneventful trip across the field to the opposite corner, sank into the mud and mire, and was left in that state to ponder on the evils of the rising generation. The boys retraced their steps, and beneath the branches of the old tree in Bliss' field, as the clock struck twelve, the events of the night were consigned to oblivion. And the old tree kept the secret, and now for the first time is exposed to the public gaze on the pages of this impartial record, a leaf from a Senior's diary.

It is said that on the same night the events narrated above occurred, the Doctor had a nightmare, in which he imagined that his head was an immense electric bell, which rang all the time, and that the boys had inaugurated the custom of giving the Tech cheer each morning in chapel in place of singing a hymn. This so horrified him that he suddenly awoke, and the fact that the street lamp at his front door had been put out, so disturbed his equanimity that he didn't sleep any more that night.

This, of course, is merely hearsay, and hence scarcely belongs in a record of events. It is introduced merely as an addendum to what goes before, to complete the story of election night, November, 1886.

THE NEW LABORATORIES.

SOON after the chemical department of the W. P. I. was honored by the advent of Eighty-Eight's chemists it became evident that the room at Dr. Kinnicutt's disposal was altogether too limited, and that the aforesaid chemists would quickly exhaust all the resources of the laboratory. Their proficiency in the manipulation of the apparatus at their disposal was wonderful; they could send a stream of water from a wash-bottle diagonally across the laboratory with an unerring swiftness, only equaled by Dadmun's pitching.

The mechanical division of the school has never had an experimental department. Nearly all technical schools of "good repute" possess the proper laboratory fittings for such work. There is not a place in the Institute strong enough to stand the strain caused by operating the Cam machine. The physical laboratory was hardly worth the name; that the course in physical practice has been so successful is due entirely to the professor's untiring supervision of the work.

This cramped condition of affairs had been known for some time by that part of the public interested in the Institute. The gentleman whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the "Log" came to the aid of the school in a characteristically generous manner with a gift of one hundred thousand dollars—the money to be expended in building and equipping a laboratory. All members of Eighty-Eight can remember the pleasure that announcement caused, and though we shall never write our names on the walls of the new building, we can rejoice at the great advantages those coming after us will enjoy. Mr. Salisbury is a gentleman for whom Techs of every class have a great respect, and if we should endeavor to extol

his generosity by lengthy writing, we fear the editors' sanctum would be invaded by his many friends, asserting that we had not done him justice.

The main Salisbury Laboratory will have four floors. The basement will be devoted to the heavier work in physics and mechanics. The Fairbanks' Testing Machine will be placed on this floor, and the "Log" editors respectfully advise the running of this machine by steam, rather than by human elbow grease. We are perfectly aware that our opportunities for exercise are limited, but such violent, protracted, coat-splitting labor as turning the crank of that prize medal machine, is opposed to all sanitary laws, except possibly those on the Faculty Records. The engine designed by the Montpelier babe and kindly named by him the "Alden Higgens," will be erected in an adjacent room. The first floor will be devoted mainly to drawing and electricity, and the second will be entirely given up to the use of the physical department. The third floor will be under Dr. Kinnicutt, and the delicate perfumes attending chemical practice will here tickle the nose of the youthful analyst. Here will be the lecture, balance and preparation rooms, laboratories for analytical, sanitary and original work, and smaller rooms for the many needs of this rapidly growing department. There is even a smoking, *alias* combustion, room.

A small building of stone and copper has already been built under the terms of the gift. This is for standard electrical measurements.

This outline of the results that will follow Mr. Salisbury's generosity shows the basis for a statement recently made by a prominent Worcester man, that by receiving this gift before too much attention had been paid to the Mechanical department, the Institute was made a "polytechnic" school.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

THERE is a town that lies far south,
 In Pennsylvaniā,
 From all we've heard from men of fame,
 Who've chanced to pass that way,
 There's naught that's great upon this earth
 But there doth hold its sway ;
 And though we can not vouch for this—
 It's what the Doctors say.

'Tis there the sage to light hath brought
 The fierce Dendrerpets
 Ichthyosaurs, Plesiosaurs
 And Loxolophodons,
 Megalosaurs and snake-like fiends,
 Who'd in the oceans play,
 And Pterodacs, who roamed the earth
 In a deuced peculiar way ;
 Now, mind, we do not swear to this—
 It's what the Doctors say.

And in the rocks near this great town,
 No matter where you range,
 You'll find such minerals rich and rare
 And fossils wondrous strange :
 Orthoceratites and Ammonites
 And Belemnites and whales,
 Who carried round for instant use
 An ink-bag in their tails ;
 And Trilobites, crustaceans queer,
 Who do not live to-day—
 If this sounds strange, pray don't blame us—
 It's what the Doctors say.

And in the earth, beneath this town,
Are mines of ore and coal,
Which miners dig the livelong day
 And to the surface roll ;
And there, to show how coal is formed,
 They change without delay
Old hickory posts to carbon pure,
 And charge you naught in pay—
A transformation act, 'tis said,
 That beats the best ballet ;
The latter, though, they've never seen (?)—
 That's what the Doctors say.

And to this town of Scranton there
 —For Scranton is its name—
Our Doctors yearly wend their way
 To meet with men of fame,
Who an association form
 For the mining engineer,
Where they discuss these questions great
 And drink perchance of beer ;
And when the meet is o'er, you know,
 And they take their homeward way,
They must have had a —— of a time—
 To believe what the Doctors say.

A RECITATION IN ENGLISH.

"**I**F you please, we will begin now. Mr. Chimborazo, will you give the enacting clause of the Constitution?"

Mr. C.—"We, the people of the United States, in order to dissolve the political bands which have secured for us justice, domestic tranquility and that separate existence among the Powers of the earth which the laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle us, do solemnly publish this and declare that it is, and of right ought to be, the Constitution of the United States of America."

"Yes, to be sure; that, in substance is, I think, as Andrews gives it. Now, Mr. Blockwood, why is this not considered a preamble?"

Mr. B.—"Because it is in reality an enacting clause and part of the Constitution."

"Yes, that might be a reason; but still farther, any one? Well, Mr. Boodle?"

Mr. B.—"Because Andrews says so."

"Exactly. Mr. Sweetsir, has there ever been a violation of Clause 8, Section ix of Article I, relating to titles of nobility being denied United States citizens?"

Mr. S.—"I think there must have been, for we sometimes hear a man spoken of as 'his royal nibs,' although perhaps I may be wrong, for Andrews says nothing as to this."

"Well, now, Mr. Sweetsir, do you really think that is a title conferred by law?"

Mr. S.—"Guess so."

"Well, it isn't. Now that we seem to have the Constitution well in hand, I think we will turn back to review for a moment the

work of the first part of the term. But, by the way, Mr. Friars, are you prepared to-day with your favorite quotation?"

Mr. Lawge Mancis Friars (with alacrity) :—

"Oh for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention."

"Now, Mr. Forehead, how would you interpret the passage we have just read from 'King John'; or rather, to be more specific, what do you suppose Shakespeare meant by 'walking sticks?'"

Mr. F.—"I think he meant what we would mean by the term 'bean-poles,' or some ——"

"What! Mr. Forehead, (This deliberately.) if I thought you were trifling with recita——"

Mr. Go to Van Read (from the rear, anticipating a scene)—"Professor, when Lady Blanche says 'the sun's o'ercast with blood,' does she mean there's 'blood on the moon?'"

"Well, to be sure, Mr. Van Read; but quite possibly. I can conceive that it might be so. Your interpretation is within reason. Yes, Mr. Jinks; you have a question?"

Mr. Jinks—"Did Francis Bacon write 'The Talisman?'"

"I am not quite sure as to that. My impression is that it was written by Scott, but I will not be certain. Suppose you look it up. Is your question answered? Mr. Chewit, will you please give, very briefly, your impressions of Goldsmith's 'Traveller' as a whole?"

Mr. Chewit—"It's great."

"Well, now, Mr. Chewit; rather more at length, if you please. Cannot you discriminate between parts of it? Is it all so excellent?"

Mr. C.—No, sir; it is not. I object to the giddy pictures with which it is illustrated. Goldsmith was a dandy with his pen, but he missed his calling when he drew those pictures."

Professor talks to himself; the class hear the words—choice adjectives—suitable — English recitation!

"Mr. Rapid, compare Chaucer and Spenser."

Mr. Theodore D. Rapid (evidently agitated, for he is speaking very fast)—"Well, I think that Spenser knew how to spell better

than Chaucer ; but it seems to me it is easier to read Schiller than either."

" Well, yes ; possibly. Now one more question, if you please. What was Wycliffe's greatest work ? "

Mr. Rapid—" The Bible."

" Mr. Dragon, name some of Milton's lyrics."

Mr. Dragon—" Paradise Lost," " Il Penseroso," " l'Allegro," "Presto, Forte, Fortissimo."

" Yes, Mr. Dragon ; I am not so sure about some of those, but certainly ' l'Allegro.' Mr. Dyland, will you name the greatest literary light of the last quarter-century ? "

Mr. R. O. Dyland—" I think Ignatius Donnelly."

" Why, I am surprised ; what has he done ? "

Mr. Dyland—" He has shown us that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. He proposes, further, to prove that ' Dickens ' was only a *nom de plume* of Robert Louis Stevenson, and that ' Amélie Rives ' is the name under which Charles Egbert Craddock writes when she is lovesick or has the blues. Yes, Professor ; to my mind this is not a tithe of what Mr. Donnelly will do. Before we are five years graduated we may expect to learn that Stoddard's ' Red-Letter Days Abroad ' is but ' The Scarlet Letter ' revamped ; that ' Childe Harold's Pilgrimage ' is but one of the ' Canterbury Tales,' and that the ' Dictionary ' and Webster's speeches were written by one and the same person. Yes, Professor ; this man—this light of the Nineteenth Century (Professor is heard to mutter : " Another Donnelly crank ! ")—this exposer of plagiarists—this expert in the identity of authorship—this —— "

" Excuse me, Mr. Dyland, but I see the hour has expired. The subject for the next debate, as you know, is : ' Resolved, That a class reception in June benefits the laundress more than the caterer.'

I think that is — Is there a question ? That is all."

A SHORT LECTURE ON "STEEL."

THE Bessemer Converter—so called because it converts—consists of a pear-shaped vessel, five to fifteen feet long, or sometimes ten to eighteen feet, but generally twelve to twenty feet, and four to eleven feet in maximum diameter.

At the Edgar Thompson Steel Works they use a converter nineteen feet six-and-a-half inches long, and seven feet eleven-and-three-quarters in diameter. They vary however, and we scientific men do not yet agree upon the dimensions giving the most satisfactory results. Our opinions differ.

I don't care to have you remember these dimensions, but simply be able to give them if I should call for them.

The process of conversion lasts from two to six minutes, or more often from ten to twenty-five minutes. After the iron is melted it is in a hot, liquid state, and is in a condition to be poured into moulds and cast into ingots, which vary in size because some are larger than others.

The color of the ingots varies from a blackish-white to a scarlet-lavender, although I have seen them more of a straw color, but they are generally colorless. The advantage of this process is because it is the best.

Professor Huxley and myself have made microscopic examinations of the structure of the steel and I shall soon publish the results.

A RECITATION IN MECHANICS.

“WELL, class, what shall we do this morning? I guess you had better go to the board. Or, first, though, are there any questions on to-day’s lesson?”

(No response. All eyes on open books.)

“How is it, D-nc-n; did you have any trouble?”

“Well—er—yes. I couldn’t quite see the third equation.”

“The third equation? Well, where is that?”

“At the top of the 569th page.”

“Four hundred and twenty-ninth page? Oh, yes; well, what was your trouble?”

“The 569th page, Professor.”

“Oh, I got the wrong page, did I? Well, what page did you say?”

“The 569th.”

“Five hundred and sixty-ninth? Yes. Well [reading aloud several paragraphs below equation], seems to me that is simple.”

“But that isn’t what I asked about, Professor.”

“Oh, excuse me. What *did* you ask about?”

“The third equation.”

“Oh, the third equation! Oh, yes; at the top of the page. I see. Well, now, what is your question?”

“I couldn’t get it from the one before it.”

“Oh, the one before it. Well, how is this, class? Has any one worked this out?”

(No response.)

“Did you get this, M-y-s?”

“No, sir.”

“Well, why not?”

"Oh, I don't know. I didn't see through it ; that's all."

"J-n-k-s, did you try it ? "

"Yes, sir ; but I think it is a misprint."

"Professor [this from Mr. H-n-t-g], I think if you substitute the value of μ from equation (1) and multiply by the second differential coefficient of s , and then integrate with respect to θ between plus and minus zero, it will bring it out all right."

"Let's see. How is that ?"

Mr. H. repeats.

"Oh, yes. Well, possibly ; perhaps so—yes. Yes, I should think very likely. Are there any other questions ? Now, don't be afraid to ask if there is anything which is not perfectly clear to any of you."

Mr. F-r-y (hesitatingly)—"I should like to know how to do the sixth example."

"The sixth—that simple one about dropping the stone from the balloon ?"

"Yes, sir" [meekly].

"Well, I am sorry that such a problem should puzzle a man in the Senior class. It is just as easy as it can be. If I can walk two miles in one hour, how long will it take me to walk two hours ? It is no harder than that, and the man who will come to my recitation and ask to be helped on such a thing — Why, you ought to have known how to do that years ago ! It would be too bad to take the time of the class to explain it. Are there any other questions, now ? Be sure and ask about anything you don't fully understand."

(A long pause.) Finally a venturesome man half whispers :

"Professor, I should like to ask a question."

"Well, Ba-l-y, that is right ; what is it ?"

"If you dropped a hollow metallic sphere into a tub of ice-water, would it get to the bottom any sooner than if the water had been hot ? "

"Well, that is a good question. How is it, class ?"

V-n W-de — "I would think it should not go so soon. Otherwise it would not use its energy up already."

M-F-dd-n—"It would take longer in the hot water, because the air inside would expand upwards and counteract the force of gravity."

"Well, that is a good point—perhaps. What do you say, E-dr-i-g-?"

"Well, I don't know, Professor; but I think it would get there just the same."

(Dead silence follows, during which the Professor rises, and after making a sketch on the board, proceeds to work out a demonstration. When the board is about covered he is heard to remark thoughtfully to himself:) "Well, what have I got here anyway?"

(The only man who has followed his work now ventures to inquire :) "Professor, is that first letter in the fifth line from the top φ or x ?"

"This one?" [pointing.]

"No, sir; that one above it."

"Oh, this?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is \dot{a} ."

"Oh!"

"Well, gentlemen, this is a good problem to look into; perhaps you might see what you can do with it for to-morrow. I don't think it is difficult at all, but we haven't time at present to work it out."

Σmr^2

THE TELEPHONE CLUB.

E. W. GILMAN, '88, *President.*

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Class and Acquaintances at Large.

[Thermometer, 70°; patience, inexhaustible; problems done, 1½; general state of mind, confident and good-natured.]

- (1) Hello!
- (2) What?
- (3) Well, I want to know about that 749th problem.
- (4) Say!
- (5) What's that? Your carbons rattle. I can't hear you.
- (6) Did you say you hadn't done it?
- (7) Yes; I can hear you perfectly. Have you —
- (8) Say!

[Turns back to his problem, and moralizes on the fickleness of human nature.]



[The experimenter at the central station finds it a most amusing recreation to regulate the conversation between the two end men, and hence often uses his switch with good effect. Q. E. D.]

[Thermometer, 0°; patience, 3; problems done, 2 4-5; general state of mind, sleepy and irascible.]

- (1) H'illo!
 - (2) Oh, go on; I'm waiting. Hurry up. What is it?
 - (3) How do you suppose I know anything about your old problem? I'm going back to bed. Good night.
 - (4) Well, hurry up and say it. I'm rapidly freezing to death.
 - (5) I said "Go to thunder." If you can't h—
 - (6) Oh, fix your carbons, *carbons*, C-A-R-B-O-N-S!
 - (7) Rats!
 - (8) Good night.
- [Kicks himself and goes back to bed.]



A LAMENT.

WHO, in the Class of Eighty-Eight,
 With the dear girls sat up so late,
 In that white house on Boynton street,
 And when the nig who vends ice-cream
 So rudely broke their evening dream,
 Refused those same dear girls to treat ?
 Hey, "Dunkey?" Oh, "Dunkey!"

Who in the class doth honor hold
 More priceless far than filthy gold,
 And for a duel his challenge sent,
 And, ere the cold pale moon did fade
 And on the tombstones shadows made,
 On that pale ghost his pistol bent ?
 Hey, "Timmy?" Oh, "Timmy!"

Who ran the good Y. M. C. A.,
 And knew so well the way to pray,
 And time for cramming e'er could see ?
 Who in the class-room, quite discreet,
 Ne'er kicked, but said his part so neat,
 And was beloved by the Faculty ?
 Hey, Bailey? Oh, Bailey!

Who worked each long vacation, say,
 To win degrees Commencement Day,
 And tried to be fair and square and free,
 But always had his little say
 And would not join the Y. M. C. A.,
 And was sat on hard by the Faculty ?
 Hey, Chitty? Oh, Chitty !

Who came from Belgic's distant land
To swell with pride our student band,
And for our planer furnished grease,
And on a night when out quite late
For his dear girl mistook a gate
And was run in by the police ?
Hey, Guido ? Oh, Guido !

Who came from the Green Mountain State
To rule the Class of Eighty-Eight,
Decked in a famed Montpelier rig,
And fought so well as centre-rush,
But in the end threw up the brush
Because of a medicated fig ?
Hey, "Rastus" ? Oh, "Rastus" !



OUR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

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THE time is fast approaching when we, the members of the Class of Eighty-Eight, are to cast our lot among the Alumni of the Worcester Free Institute.

Being the first class to graduate from the Institute since it has thrown off its lethargy and adopted a name capable of interpretation by the outside world, it has been suggested that we form an Alumni Association of our own, and that we consider all members of the present Association as members "by adoption" only. But, admitting some temporary advantages to be derived from such action on our part, we do not desire to alienate ourselves from so influential a body as the present Alumni Association, preferring rather to be received and recognized as honorable members of the Alumni Association of the Worcester Polytechnic

Institute, for, in becoming an integral part of this association we shall endeavor not to be the cause of any retraction, in years to come, of the present statement that "more than ninety per cent. of the graduates are engaged in occupations for which their training at the Institute specially prepared them."

The present Alumni Association was organized under a constitution adopted in 1873, and all graduates of the school are considered members. As we look over this list of some three hundred and fifty or more names and note the responsible positions which a large majority of them are filling, we can but think that their influence must be for the good, and that such influence will, in the near future, manifest itself. In becoming members of this association let us do our utmost to strengthen and cherish a bond of co-operation, realizing that in union there is strength. Let it not be said in future years that the class of Eighty-Eight have not done their share in promoting the welfare of their Alma Mater.

That the Alumni Association is growing in wealth and wisdom is evinced by the action of its members at their last regular meeting, when it was voted to extend an invitation to the graduating class to be present at the annual meeting and supper of the association each year, free of expense. We of Eighty-Eight, therefore, are the first class to which this hospitality is to be extended. "Free of expense!" —what more fitting words than these to instil joy and satisfaction into the soul of an impecunious Senior!

While we doubt that any such action on the part of the association would have been taken, had they realized that we expected to graduate the largest class that has ever passed through the Institute, we would, nevertheless, express our most hearty appreciation of being the original recipients of such honors.

We are glad to learn also that a fund, known as the Thompson Memorial Fund, and which now amounts to \$475, has been started among the Alumni, and that its subscribers have agreed to contribute the same amount yearly for a term of five years. This fund, when sufficiently large, is to be used for the benefit of the Institute, in such manner as the Alumni may direct.

OUR ALUMNUS MUSES.

SCRANTON, PENNA., June 8, 1888.

To C—, OF EIGHTY-EIGHT:

Dear Boy :—I hear, with pleasure vast, success has been your fate, and our Alumni soon will own the Class of Eighty-Eight. And what is more, I learn with pride you will a class-book edit, and doubt not you'll sustain your fame and do us all great credit.

The old Tech scenes come back to view so clearly, it would seem the past alone is really true—the present but a dream. Those happy Polytechnic days I never can forget; their weal and woe, their works and ways, they linger with me yet. It was, methinks, but yesterday, a fellow in the class remarked — what did that fellow say? No matter, let it pass; it has escaped me for the time, as things will of that sort; but I remember 'twas a prime—a really prime retort.

Another day the teacher came — who was the Deutsch Prof. then? Strange! If I could but hit the name, I could go on again.

I mind me how we used to go, on holidays, away out into that — that park, you know, to play — what did we play? There was a boy, methinks a dunce, called Jack, or Joe, or Jim. I knew him well; he licked me once—or was it I licked him?

There was a girl—a lovely girl—how did she use to look? It seems to me I've got a curl in some old pocket-book! Thus early scenes come back to view so clearly, it would seem the past alone is really true—the present but a dream.

Enclosed please find a dollar bill, the named subscription rate. Give my regards to all the boys, whom I congratulate.

Yours for the supper,

ALUMNUS

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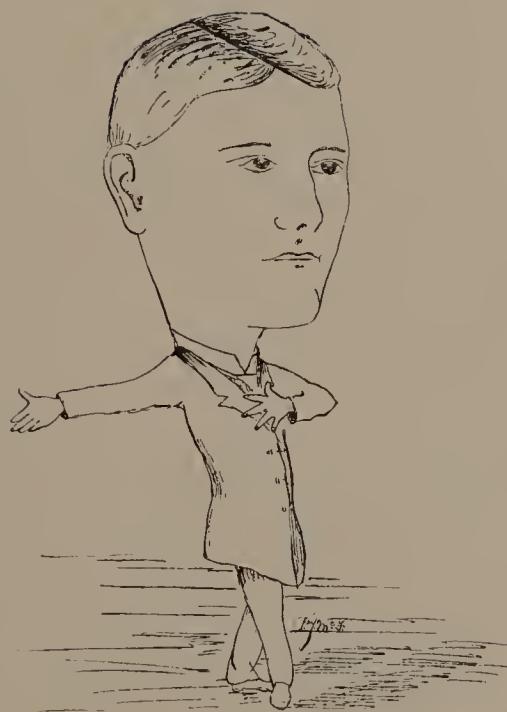
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ASSOCIATE.

JOSEPH O. PHELON.



There was a young fellow named Speirs,
Whose eloquence moved one to tears,
When speaking of liquor
No man e'er was sicker
Than the one who could drink twenty beers.

MAMMA'S HOPEFUL.

(MISS B., visiting the Tech with her friend Mr. C., a member of Eighty-Eight.)

Miss B. (glancing at one of Mr. C.'s classmates in an opposite corner of the drawing-room)—“Is that the young man who brings you maple sugar every spring?”

Mr. C. (looking in the same direction)—“Oh, yes; that is “Rastus,” who comes from the Green Mountain State. Why, it’s the same fellow you heard talking up in the machine-shop the other day, when you were passing by on Boynton street.”

Miss B.—“Is it possible? How youthful he appears for a fellow who talks so loud!”

Mr. C.—“Well, he isn’t very old; in fact, not so old as you imagine.”

Miss B.—“Is he a favorite with the boys?”

Mr. C.—“Yes, fairly so; but especially so with the girls, I am told. The boys like him so well that they made him a present of some figs once—and, strange to say, they caused water on the knee, or something akin to it—physicians have not been able to determine the true nature of the disease. It has been troubling him considerably of late, and there is some danger of its proving chronic. He is generally more comfortable when he is at home, where his mamma can put on poultices and hot compresses.”

Miss B.—“How unfortunate! Is he a mamma’s boy?”

Mr. C.—“Yes, indeed; he is quite attached to his mamma. When he came away to school his mamma put one of her photographs into his Bible, thinking to surprise and comfort him when he got to the great city of Worcester; and what do you think? When he went home to spend his spring vacation and calmly asked his mamma for one of her photos to carry back with him, the dear woman almost wept. To think that her hopeful had not opened his Bible for three long months almost broke her heart.”

Miss B.—“Why, Mr. C., is that really true?”

AULD LANG SYNE OF EIGHTY-EIGHT.

SHOULD our acquaintance be forgot,
Our friendship firm and kind,
Of classmates at the Polytech.,
In auld lang syne?

The days of Eighty-Eight will pass,
But still our thoughts will twine
About the pleasures we all had
In auld lang syne.

And when in future years we meet
And call these days to mind,
Our recollections will go back
To auld lang syne.

Our thoughts to Worcester oft will turn
And round our lives will bind
An influence so strong, so sweet,
For auld lang syne.

And as o'er Boynton Hall there climbs
The old green ivy-vine,
So will our memories ever cling
Round auld lang syne.

GEO. FRANCIS MYERS.

OUR EXCUSE SYSTEM.

— “and in their stead,
Excuses rank and false will I
Now write anon.”

ALMOST, if not altogether, alone as the most mysterious and, as yet, unexplained phenomenon of its kind in the world's diversified collection of curiosities, stands the excuse system at the Polytech. Such a great variety of excuses exist that it would take a volume as large and extensive as our note-book on the “Evolution Theory” to contain them, and supplements would have to be issued each term.

The “general excuse” is, of course, used more than any other kind, and it is a curious collection of facts and fiction that is found in the “office book.” For example: “My father was in town and I was entertaining him” would look a great deal nicer than “Was out on a racket last night and couldn't get my hat on this morning, on account of a diabatic expansion.” This latter form would certainly create suspicion. Other things being equal, then, it is justifiable to prevaricate.

The Prof. who “proposes to maintain his rights” will have nothing to do with an excuse which is not verbal as well as written, and even then we must go into the details of the reasons, intents and purposes of our absence: the horizontal, vertical and end elevations must be given with startling minuteness, and the plan and sectional views shown in full. The excuses in one year must be integrated between the limits zero and five; when we reach the superior limit we go to the Doctor and get the marks compressed to the initial line, and then expand again after a four-fifths cut-off.

One man writes: “Was confined to my room with a sprained ankle;” but, unfortunately for him, he is seen on the street that day

by one of the "Royal Family," and on the next day is summoned to the Office. He goes in with a smile that would do credit to a Rogers Group, and undertakes to explain to the Doctor how it happened that he was on the street with a sprained ankle. In a trice he is cornered by his examiner, and is about to succumb to the inevitable when a happy thought strikes him: "But, Doctor, it wasn't *my* ankle that was sprained; it was my room-mate's, and I went down street to get some hamamelis." This explanation is as clear as "a solution of charcoal" to the Doctor, who forthwith smiles a ghastly smile and scratches off the mark.

The Preps have a curious way of writing excuses. Notice the following:—

"To sew a button on my pants, at home I had to stay;
And this explains my absence from chapel yesterday."

However, the Prof. does not think it at all necessary to wear buttons on the—clothes; so he doesn't sign the excuse. Statistics show that more Preps are "dismissed" from the school on account of unexcused marks than on account of not "evincing decided aptness for Mechanics." Suppose the Seniors didn't "evince decided aptness" for Mechanics (or Thermo or Civ. Govt., for that matter)!! But they do. Oh, my! of course they do.

We notice this excuse from a man who evidently didn't care to give a verbal explanation:—"I had to go down to Wun Lung's laundry to get my shirt to wear to the leap-year party at Holden next week. I paid 12c. to have it done up, and I brought it home done up in a *Sunday Telegram*. I was four minutes late to 'Dutch.'"

Another one writes from the shop: "My landlady forgot to call me." Whereupon the Superintendent kindly adds the words:

Must come without calling.
O.M.P.B.

Let us hope that justice, reason and law will eventually unite in abolishing this red-tape system.

THE THOMPSON CLUB.

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THE ORACLE OF NINETY.

ONE of the "Log" editors, after vainly racking his brain for ideas to work up into an article, suddenly bethought himself of Ninety's Oracle as a possible means of relief. Accordingly, girding up his loins, and hanging his last suspender button on a string about his neck to ward off any uncanny influence, he ventured toward the object of his search. Prostrate, in the dust before the shrine, he awaited the oracle's response; and thus as before him stood revealed the modern Apollo, slowly came the awful reply :

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, the earth and the moon, the oracle of wisdom supernal, the common resource of ignorant and perverted humanity. Lo! I am of the Hoosier tribe, from the land of oil-wells and the home of the Mastodon Giganteus, whose descendant I am. I am a tree of life, a garden of Eden for hungry mortals to feast upon and be filled. Science and art are as specks upon my table of wisdom. I know that my place is in a higher and more exalted sphere than this. I would associate with the gods; but out of compassion for the helplessness of mortals I sacrifice my wisdom to their elevation, and open my lips in salutary beneficence. Therefore, thou paltry infantile speck of mortality, speak, and hearken well the answer."

But the editor had vanished. We found the poor fellow afterward in his room, frantically trying to get into a little wooden box, a foot square, which he had labeled : "A Case of Mistaken Identity. Return to its proper sphere of usefulness."

And yet the oracle still lives !

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“ANXIOUS INQUIRER.” No, it is not healthful to wear tennis shoes about the building.

“ALICE.” He was dropped last year for playing poker.

“JUNIOR.” We do not know the origin of “Johnny get your gun,” unless the thought was perhaps suggested by a Middler coming from the Calculus room.

“WILLIE M.” We find that 63.64^s is the highest mark ever given in Geology.

“CITIZEN.” Galenite has been found at the Quinsigamond Quarries under peculiar circumstances.

“NINETY.” Don’t be in a hurry to write poetry. You’ll get enough of it in “Dutch” next year.

“BOY.” Perhaps Mr. Staples, of tool-room fame, can tell you something about files.

“PREP.” The chapel organ was built in 1641, O. S.

“BERTIE K. G.” There is no way of learning your marks in any study.

“FRESH.” Your class will probably not build a machine in the Senior Year. You will have to work for the Norton Emery Wheel Company.

“ENGLISH.” Yes,—You will find the quotation in Act V., Scene I., “Merchant of Venice,”

—“whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler’s poetry.”

THE "W P I."

A Monthly Journal, devoted to the interests of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

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THE "W P I."



HE "W P I."—Oh, thou custodian of our choicest thoughts, thou expounder of the principles of unvarnished theory, thou instructor of the Faculty, thou censurer of human actions since the time of Uriel and Homer, how shall we speak our last farewell? Fain would the scribe, to whose lot falls the duty of inscribing to thee a last expression of esteem from the Class of Eighty-Eight, resign his position to one whose thoughts could

formulate themselves unbiased, and whose mind was not subject to the harrowing reminiscences of a year spent in the sanctum. But the call is peremptory. The old stub is once more impressed into the service, and, hesitating between a desire to write an obituary notice and a desire to rise to the sublimity of a poetic inspiration, the writer, in behalf of the Class of Eighty-Eight, extends thee salutation!

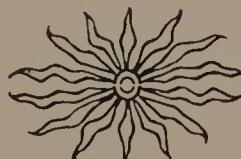
The story of the rise of the "W P I" and its subsequent history is an illustrious example of the power of tact and perseverance over adverse circumstances. It is a familiar tale to tell of the lack of encouragement by the Faculty which the original projectors of our plan for a college journal experienced. The denizens of that classic

thoroughfare, "Prof Lane," were besieged night and day by an army of prospective journalists. College productions without number were respectfully submitted for their commendation and approval. Advertising influence was extolled. But all of no avail. Their literary enthusiasm had been swallowed up in the cauldron, in which for years their conservative natures had been steeping, and out of it they now drew only a few pet theories and pessimistic doctrines, which were, of course, adverse to the scheme proposed. Their attitude assumed that of "indifference," unqualified indifference; no term expresses it better, and no action of theirs could have been more cooling to the ardor of the advocates of the paper. The outcome of the matter we all know. Tact, perseverance and industry carried the point; the "W P I" became a reality, and now, we are proud to say, is a prominent factor in college journalism. We forgive the Faculty; aye, more than that, our gratitude is due them for their graceful yielding after the paper was well started, and their growing interest as it progressed. And now, as Eighty-Eight sees the third volume of her pet enterprise drawing to a close, it is with the unbounded satisfaction that it has secured recognition on all sides, and promises to become, if it has not already, in addition to a mere recorder of events, the agent for the free discussion of all matters which have in view the most vital interests of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

We pause to speak the final farewell. And as our thoughts seek inspiration from the past, the mysteries of the sanctum are again disclosed to us. We are hidden spectators, as it were, of our past experience. We see the editor at his table, we see his waste-basket, his great inkstand, and his far-famed shears and mucilage bottle. We pore over the waste-basket and find poems on "Success," mingled in wild confusion with essays on "Free Trade" and editorials on "Temperance." But, alas! the great blue cross which disfigures every page marks the unappreciated toil of some aspirant for journalistic fame. Even as we look, the editor waves his arms wildly in the air, and with an utterance half-way between a groan of despair and a sigh of satisfaction, another effort is added to the grotesque collection. We see the long strips of uncorrected proof lying in profusion about the room, and yet burned into the mind of the editor

are the printer's last words, "More copy—three columns short," an ever-present mockery. We see him run his fingers through his hair grasp his pen, and try to be funny. Only yesterday he "went to his sister's funeral." And to-morrow the little red-bound book, labeled "Patent Excuses," will be again consulted and an excuse checked off. We see him "called away by illness," shut himself in his room, and in a day make up for a week's study lost. Alas ! how can we forget the college editor ! How can he forget his own experience. On the street, in the dance, in the theatre, ah ! yes, in the billiard-hall, a journalistic spectre haunts and depresses him. His face lightens up only when he strikes a new item for the personal column or a new thought for an editorial.

But enough of this. To-day we look over our three years' file, the curtain of the sanctum is drawn, we enjoy the results and forget the causes. We see our record at the Tech made immortal, and left to stand for the edification of succeeding generations. Eighty-Eight and the "W P I" have always been friends. As friends we part. At last, a final and a fond farewell ! Be as faithful in the future as in the past, and the star which has illumined the path of Eighty-Eight so brightly shall grow to be a sun, whose rays shall search out and clothe with brilliancy the remotest corners of the world to which the hand of destiny shall assign us.



OUR CLASS ALPHABET.

"Even men who have taken their higher degrees
Can not afford to overlook their 'A B C's.'"

A'S FOR Athletics, which ought to come first,
For there we have done our best work.

B STANDS for Bailey and one of the Profs.,
Whose lessons all of us shirk.

C STANDS for Camp, though on the Tech books
'Tis said his name's spelt with an S.

D STANDS for "Doc.," for the sake of the Tech,
May his shadow never grow less.

E STANDS for Eighty-Eight—wonderful class,
Whose record 'twere hard to improve.

F STANDS for Faculty—curious crowd—
It is feared that they never will move.

G IS for Girls, whom, despite our "B. S.,"
We know very little about.

H IS a place—when the Profs. get down there,
They will find it hard work to get out.

I IS for Ichabod Washburn, you know,
Who helped our fair college to found.

J IS for John—may the day be far off
When he's shoved in a hole in the ground.

K IS for Kimball, our favorite Prof.,
Who works for the Institute's fame.

L IS for Love—there is none around here ;
We know of it only by name.

M IS for Milton's machine-shop, where Techs
For the N. E. W. toil.

N IS for Naughty, also for Nice—
A remark about Poker in Hoyle.

O'S FOR the Overalls, never renewed,
Which last for the whole of the course.

P'S FOR the Picnics that kept us out late,
And made us confoundedly hoarse

Q'S FOR Quevedo, from far southern climes,
Who was wrecked by a maid de ballet.

R IS for Rocks—thanks be to the "Doc."
We hope to possess them some day.

S IS for "Shimmy," who came from Japan,
Our famous diploma to win.

T IS for "Tenny," for whom we solved probs.
Concerning original (?) sin.

U STANDS for Uncle—friend Staples, you know,
Who yarns about files can spin.

V IS for Von, the jolliest man
That ever consented to grin.

W STANDS for the Weather, of course ;
At the Tech it is deucedly cold.

X IS for Marks, which are always unknown,
And form the Profs.' favorite stronghold.

Y'S FOR our Youth, which, as years hurry by,
Is leaving our district so fast.

Z IS the End ; we thank ye, ye Gods,
We shall all surely reach it at last.

ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS FOR ENTRANCE EXAMINATION IN 1889.

1. Do you wear pants ?
2. Father's name before marriage ?
3. Grandfather's occupation ?
4. Grandmother married at what age ?
5. Age at birth ?
6. State your height and weight ?
7. What do you know about the war in Anam ?
8. How would you get from Paxton to Mechanic Street by water ?
9. How long would it take you to make the return trip in question No. 8 ?
10. Why are you taking these examinations ?

Questions on the Constitution.

Preliminary.

1. Who was this country governed prior to the Revolution?
2. What were the causes of the Revolution?
3. What was the political effect upon the colonies of the Declaration of Independence?
4. When was the Confederation formed? How long did it last? What were some of its defects?
5. When was the Union formed? In what respects, in general, does it differ from the Confederation?
6. What is the difference between Confederacy and Union?
7. Is the federative principle confined to any extent in the National Government?
8. What are the four elements composing the Treasury Plan?
9. What are the chief objects of the Constitution as established in the convention, Cleveland?
10. The Legislative Department.
10. What money must be raised in the form of taxation? Where is it to be raised? In what proportion? How were they at first apportioned among the States? How apportioned now? What are the principal provisions?
11. The executive questions are to the Governor.
12. What is the origin of the war with England? Why insufficient?
13. What are some of the compromises of the Constitution?
14. What is the object of two legislative houses?
15. Is the Senate of higher dignity? Why?
16. How often does Congress meet? When? What is it longer than?
17. What congress is now in session?
18. By whom is my constituent municipality? by whom elected?
19. State the powers of each House as to its members &c, offices &c, personnel &c, &c
20. What privilege have members of Congress as to their expenses?
21. What bills may originate in the House? In the Senate?
22. For what purpose are committees appointed?
23. How many revenue bills originate in the Constituting period?
24. What are the various ways in which a bill having passed both houses, may become a law?
25. What is the fundamental difference between Congress and a state legislature as to the origin and exercise of their powers?
26. Why a state legislature has no power to interfere in another state's affairs? Why?
27. Upon what subjects may Congress now legislate?
28. What taxes may Congress lay? for what purposes?
29. From what source does most of the revenue now come?
30. Under what clause is a protective tariff constitutional?
31. Why is a duty on exports forbidden?
32. Why might little power be exercised over commerce?

“CRITICISM.”

PHILIP WILSON ADAMS :

“ My years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance.”

EDWIN HERRICK AMES :

“ But past is all his fame.”

CHARLES FRANKLIN BAILEY :

“ His failings leaned to Virtue’s side.”

WILLIAM MATHEWS BATES :

“ Studious of ease.”

PARKER NEWMAN BLACK :

“ He must needs go when the Devil drives.”

PORTER CAMPBELL BUTTORFF :

“ A free and easy youth,
His manner mild and courteous;
A Southern gentleman, for whom
Our Northern clime proved all too serious.”

GEORGE ERASTUS CAMP :

“ In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.”

CLARENCE WELLS CHADWICK :

“ Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair.”

NATHANIEL JOSEPH CHANDLEY :

“ Oh ! full of careful business are all his looks.”

JONATHAN BRACE CHITTENDEN :

“ Would the Gods had made thee poetical !”

FRED ELIPHALET COLBURN :

“ Truly, he hath a lock and combination.”

EDWARD WESLEY CUSHMAN :

“ A man whom Fortune buffets.”

ALLERTON SEWARD CUSHMAN :

"He will not follow anything
That other men begin."

JOHN JOSEPH DAESSEN :

"Thy smiles become thee well."

FREDERICK JAMES DOON :

"For Fred was a man of excellent sense;
Could see very well through a hole in the fence,
And was honest and plain without sham or pretense."

WILLIAM JOSEPH DUNCAN :

"Duncan was a lad o' grace."

RUFUS EUGENE ELDRIDGE :

"There's mischief in this man."

F. L. WILSON FAIRMAN :

"By smiling lips allured from duty."

CHARLES FERRY :

"A most deliberate fellow."

ALFREDO ALEXANDRE FRANKLIN :

"Now Learning's shrine each idle youth may seek.
And, spending there a shilling and a week,
At lightest cost of study, cash and lungs,
Come back, like Rumor, with an hundred tongues."

GEORGE HUBERT FRARY :

"I am nothing if not critical."

GEORGE WHEELER FRISBIE :

"So shalt thou rest."

ERNEST WEBBER GILMAN :

"A lion among ladies is a dangerous thing."

ALFREDO GOMES :

"Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose?"

JOHN MILTON GOODELL :

"Is this the honest, virtuous Civil?"

CHARLES LEWIS GRIFFIN :

"Well seen in music and mathematics."

JAMES HENRY GARVEY :

"The weakest kind of fruit drops soonest to the ground."

JOHN MONELL HITCHCOCK :

"Come on, poor babe!"

WALTER SCOTT HOBBS :

"So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest 'tobacco boys'."

FRED DEAN HOLDSWORTH :

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

HARRY LINCOLN HOUGHTON :

"Assume a virtue if you have it not."

FRED STANLEY HUNTING :

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

HERBERT ERNEST JACQUES :

"Methinks he smells of soap."

JOSEPH HERSCHEL JENKINS :

"I have a beard a-coming."

WILLIAM BRADFORD JEWETT :

"I will not jump with common spirits."

GEORGE HADWEN KIMBALL :

"He is given to sports."

RALPH LINCOLN LOVELL :

"He should the sooner pay his debts."

WALTER REUBEN MARDEN :

"I hear, yet say not much, but think the more."

ALBERT TISDALE MARSHALL :

"Attend me where I wheel."

PARMALEE JOHN MCFADDEN :

"He is a proper man's picture."

WILTON HARLOW MERRIAM :

"To be candid with you, I am not a great impostor."

HARRY SANDERSON MULLIKEN :

"Why, what a madeap hath Heaven lent us here!"

GEORGE FRANCIS MYERS :

"This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

JOHN NELSON :

"All wanton as a child; skipping and vain."

MYRON LINCOLN NEWTON :

"There's many a man hath more hair than wit."

GEORGE WARREN PATTERSON :

"Stronger in limb than in his own estimation."

THEODORE DORR PAUL :

"Man could never go so slow."

GILBERT PERCY :

"Some willing minion of unblushing vice,
Who boasts that Virtue ever has her price."

NARCISO FADEO QUEVEDO :

"Severe the fate of modern tools alas!"

WILLIAM EBENEZER REED :

"I remember him worthy of thy praises."

HARRY EMORY RICE :

"He knew what's what, and that is as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

GEORGE IchABOD ROCKWOOD :

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

LEE RUSSELL :

"Now it is little joy to know
I'm further off from Heaven than when I was a boy."

JOHN MILES SCHOFIELD :

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

KOTARO MARTIN SHIMOMURA :

"Was he not held a learned man?"

CARL BYRON SMITH :

"A rare engineer, and withal, a pillar
Of convincing argument."

FRED WILLIAM SPEIRS :

"So like an arrow swift he flew."

WILLIAM SANFORD SWEETSER :

"Such refreshing, country manners!"

EDWARD WELLINGTON SWIFT :

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

JOHN FREDERIC TEMPLE :

"His is that language of the heart, in which
The answering heart would speak."

GEORGE MILTON WARREN :

"Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creeds and morals of our land."

GUIDO FRANZ HUBERT VON WREDE :

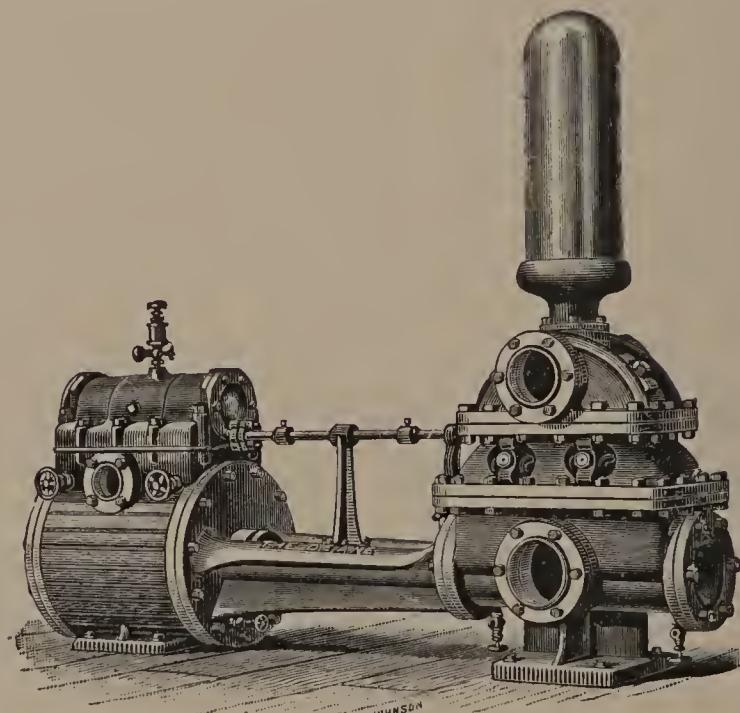
"Make use of time; let not advantage slip."

OUR LAST CHEER.

ONCE more we shout so free—
“Three cheers for the Faculty!”
While mocking echo sounds like “Ha! Ha! Ha!”
 But when our last cheer we make,
 Echo makes no mistake;
It’s “*Three cheers for Eighty-Eight!* RAH!—RAH!!—RAH!!!”

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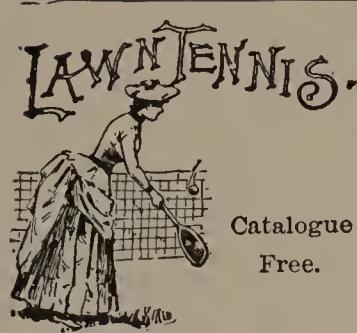
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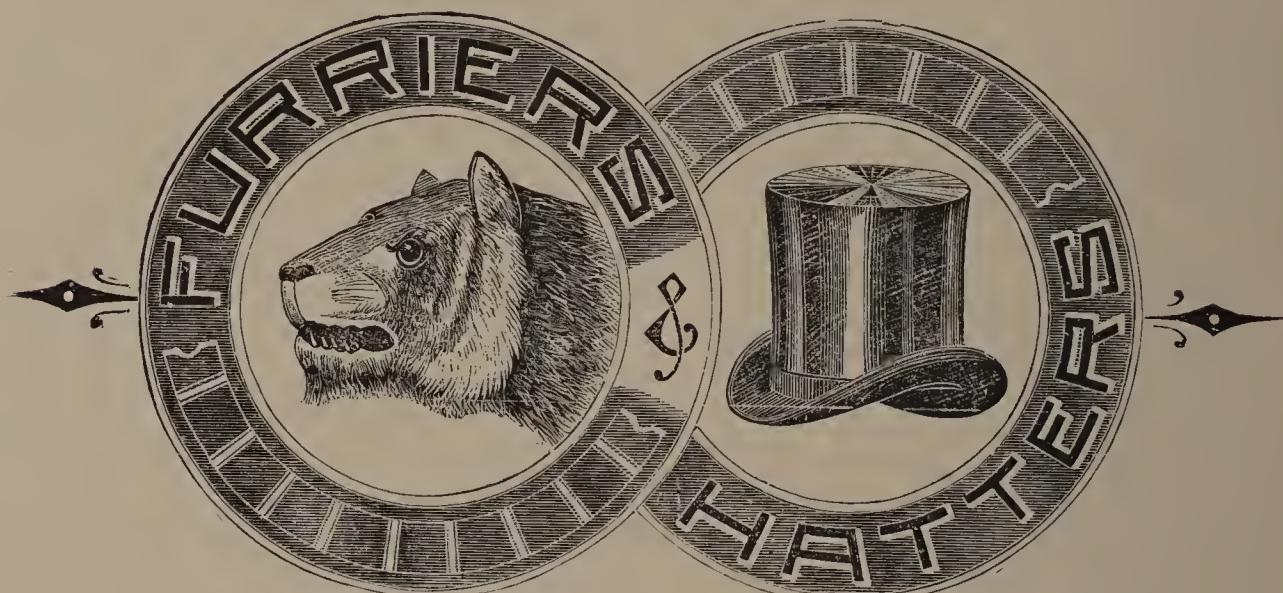
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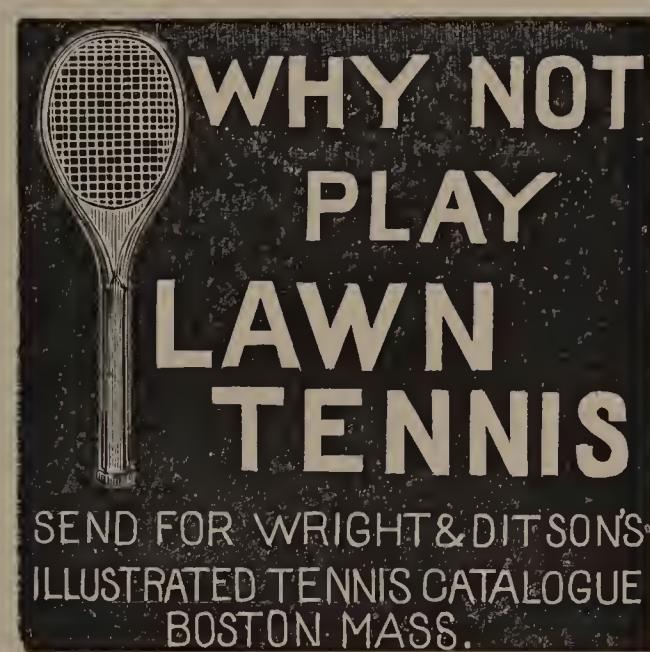
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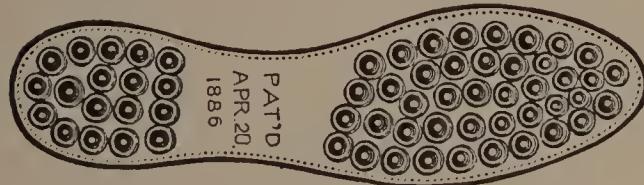
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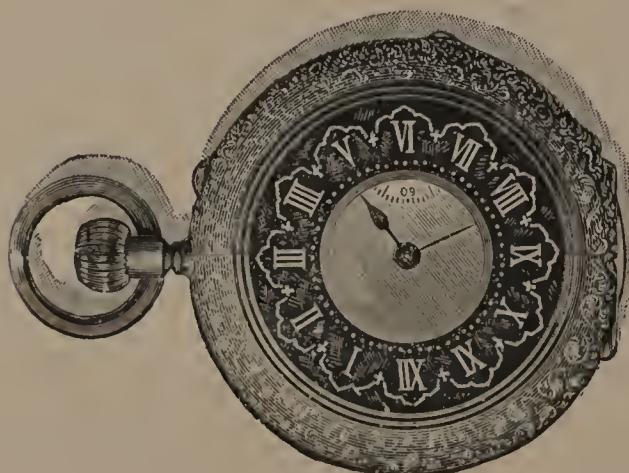
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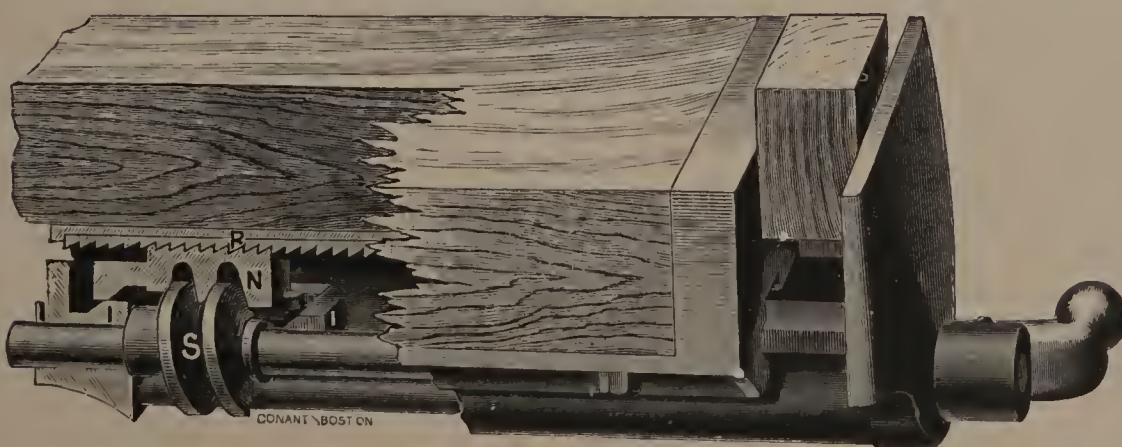
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